

Love at first Sight. C. XIII

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the

New Theatre in Little *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

B. Y

Her Majesties Servants.

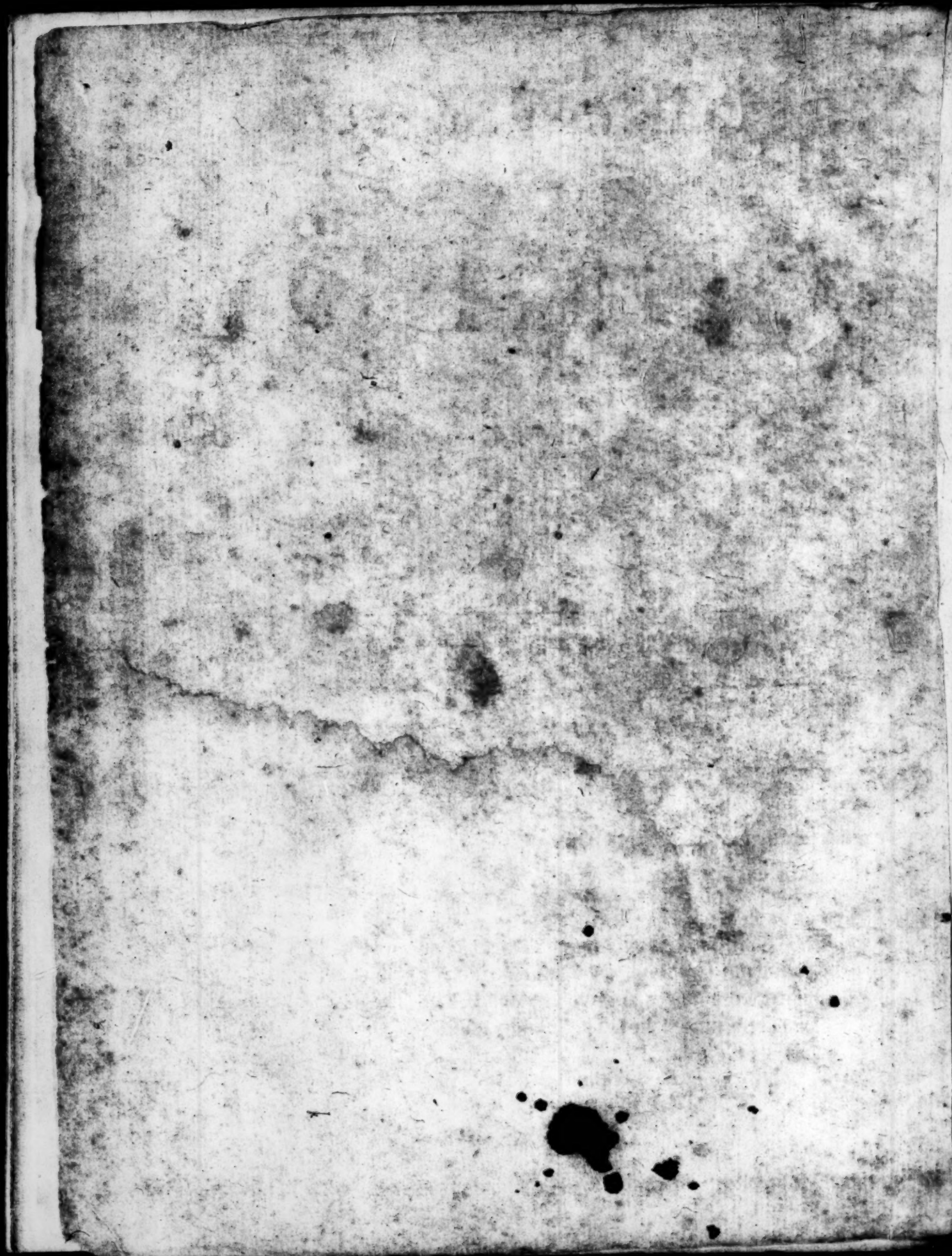
Written by *DAVID CRAWFORD*, Gent.

Solum Primos da Versibus annos.

L O N D O N: 1704 see page

Printed for *R. Basset*, at the Mitre in *Fleet-Street*; *William Turner* at the Angel at *Lincolns-Inn Back-Gate*, and *John Chantry* at the Pestle and Mortar without *Temple-Bar*.

Note, *Ovidius Britannicus*, or *Love Epistles*, in Imitation of *Ovid*: being an Intrigue between two Persons of Quality, to which is added *Phaon's Answer to Sapho*, and *Theseus's Answer to Ariadne*, which are wanting in *Aulus Sabinus*, by *David Crawford*, Gentleman. . Printed for *John Chantry*.



Epilogue.

WELL Sirs—you now expect an Epilogue,
But this same Bard of ours is such a Rogue,
I durst have Sworn he was possess'd to day,
No Rhimes he cry'd no, not to save my Play;
I ask'd his Reason why? 'Sdeath Sir, quoth he,
Go but to Drury-Lane, and there you'll see,
Gay Decorations to Amuse the Town,
While parting Lovers do their Fate bemoan;
And Hug, and Sigh, and Weep, and Sob alone,
Wax Tapers, Gaudy Cloaths, rais'd Prizes too,
Yet even the Play thus Garnish'd wou'd not do:
So Poysonous Drugs, by Empericks gilded are,
So Strumpets varnish o're Unwholsome Ware.
Whila you with Negligence my Muse receive
And but a slender Entertainment give,
But look you Sir, Said I, the Case is plain,
You have no Pompons Lines to swell the Scene;
As the last Poet did in Drury-Lane,
No Angels Wings, to sprout where Serpents grew,
No Hills, nor Dales, nor Groves of Lovely Hue,
No Vehicles with Milk white Steeds so rare,
So Beautiful so sweet or Debonair,
With Royal Innocence they may Compare,
No Perfumes, Rocks, nor Grots;—and so forth, Sir,
At that the frighted Poet, gan to stare
Took up his Heels and left us to Despair,
Now Gentlemen all that I have to say,
Is that you'd please again to see the Play,
And hear an Epilogue another Day.

Personæ Dramatis.

M E N.

Mr. Courtly,	Mr. Booth.
Mr. Lovewell,	Mr. Powel.
Sir Nicholas Empty,	Mr. Pack.
Mr. Gripeall,	Mr. Fieldhouse.
Hector, Son to Sir John	} Mr. Leigh.
Single,	
Sir John Single,	Mr. Trout.
Jeremy,	Mr. Freeman.
Timothy,	Mr. Knapp.
Lawyer,	Mr. Weller.
Watchman,	Mr. Miller.

W O M E N.

Melissa,	Mrs. Price.
Fidelia,	Mrs. Potter.
Celinda,	Mrs. Bradshaw.

Love

TO THE READER.

TO please my Bookseller, who will have me plead something or other in behalf of a distressed Play, of which the heat of Youth made me the Father, I give the Reader, rather this short Advertisement than a formal Preface, viz. That I Writ it four Years ago at a vast distance from the Theatre. Since that time the Humour of the Town is chang'd, and mine too perhaps, and as Men of Twenty, rarely approve of what they did in Fifteen, so I shall hardly be persuaded to defend in this Centry what I writ in the last. In short, That Success it had when mangl'd on the Stage, bars not the Reader from Condemning or Acquitting the entire Piece de Novo in his Closet.

David Craufurd:

Prologue.

Prologue.

Prologues to Plays, are now so Common grown,
That tho' they must be spoke to please the Town,
For fifty bad ones, you will scarcely find,
One to instruct or to divert the Mind.
Our Author therefore, bid me only say,
He wish'd you a much better Treat to Day.
But yet.

Tho' Subsidies of Wit he can't advance
He's larded his supply, with Song and Dunces,
Two things of late that with a gust go down,
And catch the whole surprize of all the Town.
He wou'd have dish'd up Satyr, but he knew,
'Twou'd offend many, and wou'd please but few.
Besides, ill Nature's; what he wou'd avoid,
Least it shou'd be against himself imploy'd.
Least he shou'd shew his penury of Wit,
And he that came to bite, himself be bit
Our Poet therefore will give no offence,
Neither to Fools, nor to the Men of Sense.
But begs to his Endeavours you'd be kind,
His Faults excuse, since Faults you can't but find,
And in return to so much kindness shewn,
To one that Favours will be proud to own.
All they can ask he wishes to the Fair,
To be revered, and Beautious as they are.
To his own Sex, but they have all in view,
They reach all Happiness, in seeing you.

Epilogue.

Love at first Sight.

ACT I.

SCENE, *his Lodgings.*

Courtly. Solus.

Cour. **H** EAVEN defend us! of all Plagues that attend us Mortals, this Love, this Damned Vertuous Love is sure the first; 'tis the very Cut-throat of our Ease and Pleasure, and the Highway to Ruin. For whilst we Travel in Vertue's Road, we are hiss'd at by those that think themselves Wise; ——— What a Miserable Age do we Live in then? when to be Lewd is to be Witty, And Vice is become the Honourable Badge of Quality.

Enter Jeremy hastily.

How! *Jeremy* is your Master here?

Fer. No Sir. But he will be presently; ——— You've led us a very fine Dance this Morning, Sir, I and my Master? — No! My Master and I, I mean Sir, divided all on this side Temple-bar between us; We Visited every Lane. The Coffee-houses, Blind Alleys, nay, the Round-House too, but to no purpose. And at last, Sir, directly concluding that you had Charitably supply'd the place of some absent

B

Husband

Husband, and therefore not to be found in the ordinary Haunts of the Wicked, I abandon'd as a fruitless search, and came to wait on my Master in this Place. —

Cour. Honest *Jeremy*, that thou mayst not think thy Labour lost — [gives him Money.]

Fere. O Dear Sir. — But if a Tender, Easy, Smiling Wench can shift of tedious Hours, and rouse the Lingring Mind? you know. —

Cour. Enough *Jeremy*, I know thy meaning, and at another time expect to be imploy'd. —

Fere. Sir. (For I must use the freedom) from whence proceeds all this Melancholly? Something methinks sits heavy upon your Spirits. You've within this few days put on the sower dull face of Business or of Mourning; I hope Sir all's well?

Cour. I'm in Health.

Fere. And in Cash?

Cour. Yes.

Fere. And yet uneasy?

Cour. True.

Fere. Why that's very strange.

Cour. The Disease may be in the Mind; I'm in Love, it may be.

Fere. Ha, ha! In Love? Pray Sir be not offended; 'tis a very good Jest.

Cour. Why dost thou think it impossible I should be so?

Fere. No Faith Sir; For a Wise Man may be Mad in Time. But Boys alone are slaves to that Passion. 'Tis a Gantlet we all run when we enter into Service. But that a Man of Thirty, practis'd in the Arts of War, and the best Rules of Arms, shou'd again turn Cadet and appear a Novice! nothing can be more Ridiculous.

Cour. This Rogue wou'd make me asham'd of my Infant Virtue; did not my Powerful Guardian step between and show that hazard which he strives to hide. — Ha! my dear Friend! Good Morrow.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. My Man has doubtless Inform'd you how much trouble this meeting cost. For believe me *Courtly*, I thought I might find thee in any Place but thy Lodging, especially in the Morning.

Cour. That was indeed my Custom.

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Love. And will be Boy. Ha! By Heaven's (now, I think on't) I Wonder how thou cou'dst be at home last Night! My Room is my Prison, and my Bed a very Rack. When abroad, every thing's New. A kind Wench and a smiling Glass, remove the Thoughts of coming Cares. Old Time steals softly by, and Night slides through his Crazy Hands ere Noon seems fully past.

Court. It does so.

Love. In the Morning soft Slumbers sooth us on to twelve; we Rise and Dine, then Dress and go to Plays. Thus ere we are aware Night comes again: Our Days (like towering Clouds) rowl o'er our Heads: whilst we beneath enjoy a milder Air. If Business and Care drop down, the Tavern or a kind Wench is a safe Retreat. There the Mind's secure and shifts it self into a better habit.

Court. It may be so.

Love. It may be so? Why 'tis so my Friend, Place me in a *Celinda* or such another's Arms. What is't wou'd bring me Grief? Let this huge Fabrick be turn'd up side down; Let Peales of Thunder threaten Wild Destruction, and Rapes and Bloodshed rage in every Corner, Id'e be at a perfect ease, and only Dream I saw it. Oh! my Friend who can express the Joys of——

Cour. Hold Sir, You've said enough; nay I own it too much.

Love. Too much? Why what's the meaning of all this? By all that's good my Friend I have been faulty; Friendship ere now shou'd have inform'd me of my Misfortune, or made me at least a sharer in thy suffering: Why thy very Looks are chang'd, and there's something in thy Face so unlike thy Wonted humour. That I'm afraid a brooding Sickness Reigns about thy Heart, and threatens sudden Ruin.

Cour. You think me in Love perhaps?

Love. No Faith, my Dear *Courtly*, that were to forget thy Virtue.

Cour. Are Love and Virtue then incompatible?

Love. Nay, that's another Question *Jack*. But Love and Reason, What sayst thou to that Boy?

Jere. Ay, ay, Sir push home that Question, it may Work upon him in time.

Love. Your answer Man.

Cour. To Love too far above or beneath our selves, to Doat on one prepos'st in favour of a Fool, or one that hates us, is indeed unreasonable.

Love. Nay, nay, my Friend that's not a positive answer. To Love at any rate is always Madness: ——— But after all, *Jack*, use me like a Friend. Art thou in Love; or not? for hang me if I can beleiv't unless thou Swear't to't.

Cour. In short then I am in Love, mightily, in Love *George*.

Love. Is she Virtuous?

Cour. Else I shou'd not Love Her.

Love. Bless me! How Mad thou art? wou'd any Man in's Wits lay a formal Seige to a Wine Cellar when the Door stands ready open, and you may drink at Pleasure? Well *Jack*, I find thou'rt in the Noose; Thy Business then is Liberty. Think thou upon the Ways and Means by which thou may'st be freed.

Cour. No, my Prison is too Pleasant to be Abandon'd without Grief.

Love. Heavens! Well, there must be something Diabolick hid under this specious Name of Love. But my Friend, You'r to consider it as a downright Enchantment. And you know what Dissolves the Charm.

Fere. Enjoyment, you mean, Sir.

Love. Right Sirrah.

Cour. Ha! my Friend you know her not. To Paint her in the Ordinary form, and say she's all that's good in Woman were but half her due; there's something in *Melissa* that's wonderful; When I'm with her I find my very Soul confin'd, and scarce can think of Wickedness. By Heaven, her very Looks inspire Virtue.

Love. But stay, may'st thou not be mistaken? May not this *Melissa* be a Jilt? I know one of that Name.

Cour. A Jilt? ——— Well Sir, you know her not, and I am satisfy'd. But come, no more my Friend. When I tell you that I hear her Brother's Voice. I acquaint You at once with her Beauty and her Virtue.

Love. Iv'e nothing to say against that Lady indeed, for which I am heartily sorry. ——— But hark ye, what brings that damn'd Fool Sir *Nicholas* so early abroad? For tho' he's thy Brother-in-Law that is to be (and Heav'n forgive thee so Wild a Thought) Yet I hope thou art not blind on this side too. *Courtly Courtly, Courtly.* [*Sir Nicholas within.*]

Cour. No *George* I'm ready to confess the Gentleman a little too Modish. He's a downright Coxcomb, that he may be downright in Fashion.

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Love. His Eloquence consists in Grimaces, his Courage in the Hanging of his Sword, and his Wit in the Length and Weight of his Peruck.

Cour. And that Player like, we may Compleat our Neighbour's Character ere he appear upon the Stage, He's a Sign for Taylors. They hang him out in a new shape every Morning, and give the World to understand by his outside, that were it not for such Fashionable Gentlemen, half the Men of their Vocation wou'd keep an Annual Lent—— But Mum : He enters.

Enter Sir Nicholas Empty.

Sir Ni. Ah, my Dear Friend. [*Bows often and Foppishly.*

Love. Well Jack, I'll be gone, my Back's undone already.

Cour. No, Oblige me and stay. [*Sir Nich. surveys himself in a large Glass.*

Love. Not I, Faith Sir, my Limbs were made for another use than scraping, wou'd you have me go Sauntring as if all my Joynts were dislocated, I love to Tread the Ground like a Man not a loose sickly Boy —— Your Tender Squeamish Ladies may doat on such a feeble Engine, patch'd up by Lazy Nature in an hurry, or when the Poor remains of some more Noble structure appeared like useless Lumber in her way. Yet still my Friend, He's but a blind to a better Guest. He's a good humble Servant, but no Nightly Favorite, unless at a distance with half a Dozen Lusty Fiddlers at his Heels.

Sir. Ni. Well, Gentlemen, I beg your Pardon —— This sad Rogue of a *French-Man* has so abus'd this sad sort of a Wig, that truly I'm sadly puzzel'd how to get't in Order.

Cour. O Sir, methinks it fits admirably well.

Love. Ay, and so very close *Sir Nicholas*, 'tis hard to distinguish your Head from the Block.

Sir Ni. I vow I'm glad you think so —— I'm your most Humble. [*bows.*

Love. Nay, now he's at it again, farewell my Friend.

Sir Ni. You seem uneasy Sir, But —— But blest me this Vile Cravat and Sword hang so slovenly —— But now if you Please I'll give you an account of a New adventure befell me the other Night.

Both, With all our Hearts.

Sir Ni. 'Twas in the Evening as I came through *Covent Garden*, a Rascally Fellow, with a couple of Rascally Horses or'e-turn'd his Coach, and in it a very *Helena*, Nature's Master-piece, or the very Copy from which she has drawn all the Beauties in Town these Eighteen Years, for so long 'tis I think, Sir, since she was made.

Love.

Love. And so Sir *Nicholas*, you ran like a true Knight Errant with Stretched out Arms to Succour the Distress'd?

Sir Ni. Right Sir: Egad you guess at things so very strangely! you have an incomprehensible Wit Mr. *Lovewell*—— But stay, that Coat sleeve hangs so wretchedly. There's nothing of that agreeable loose Air in your Habit which Ladies so much admire now adays—— If you'd make use of my Taylors Sir——

Love. Sir your humble Servant, I'm but a plain rude Fellow besides Sir, a Country Lady looks very rusty when compared with the greatest Beauty of the Court, where Art to Nature joyn'd makes the piece compleatly perfect——I have not yet survey'd my shapes in the Looking-Glass.

Sir Ni. Really Mr. *Lovewell*, you are very Ingenious in your Complement, and I Confess I make it my only Business in this World to be neat, a Gentleman has nothing else to do but advert to the Fashions and the freshest News; I mean the secret Intreagues of the great Ladies, where Honour is prostituted in Private Pomp, and the Brawny Footman begets a Son of Quality. These are the only things that fit a Man for the Conversation of the Fair Sex.

Cour. But Sir, did the Adventure end where the Lady fell?

Sir Ni. I vow, Mr. *Courtly*, I forgot that, I beg your Pardon Sir, and Yours. But the summ of all is, I fell most mightily in Love with her.

Love. That was an unfortunate Adventure, Sir *Nicholas*, where by disingaging others you run your self into the Bush.

Sir Ni. O Gentlemen, was it not a sad misfortune to a Man of my Sense and Breeding? 'twill be thought very strange, that he who has been the Darling of all the Witty Ladies in Town, shou'd at first sight renounce his Liberty for one he never saw before? O Mr. *Courtly*, I'm very much afraid I may one day come to Marry her, and you all know my Friends, what a blemish that brings upon a Man's Reputation and his Wit.——O Gentlemen! Matrimony will put a Period to my Sweet Life.

Cour. Why then you'l but begin to Live Sir,

Love. To Die you mean. When Marry'd People appear, every Body knows the Comedy's at an end. He who just now bore so much share in the Action, and dealt Love and Money with an open hand then dwindles off the Stage, Retires to his shifting Room, puts off the brave Man, is no more Gaz'd upon by the Crowd, and grows but the very shaddow of what he was an hour or two before.

Sir

Sir Ni. O my kind Lovewell! That was damnably dearly well spoken.

Love. May we request the Lady's name, that is made happy with your Love?

Sir Ni. Her Name's *Celinda*, 'tis a Charming Romantick Name:

Love. I hope, *Courtly*, 'tis not your last Mistress.

Cour. Like enough, she has been long left by me, to her own choice. [knock within.]

Cour. Run *Jeremy* open the Door.

Enter Medler.

Sir Ni. O my Dear *Medler*, I'm glad—— These Damn'd Pockets are so miserable Low—— Well I'm o'rejoy'd to see you.

Med. I knew you were in Mr. *Courtley's* Lodgings, and the Gentleman being of my Acquaintance, I made no Scruple of attending you here.

Love. Damn him Rogue, every Body is of his Acquaintance, He's a Weed that grows up in every Corner, and Choaks Conversation; He Feeds on the Ruins of others, and the Destruction of his Neighbours Reputation is the only Heav'n he cr'e Pray'd for. In short, Hell ne'er had such an Hawker, for the Devil no sooner invents a Lye, than he runs with open Mouth to Proclaim it thro' the Streets for nothing.

Cour. And yet the Poor Fellow is but Scurvily rewarded. That Coat he wears looks as if 't had been half a Dozen times beyond the Line, 'tis Burnt and Weatherbeaten behind and before, and so very Greazy you'd Swear the Knave cas'd up in Armour.

Love. And yet equally a Favourite amongst Beaus and Ladies.

Cour. 'Tis impossible.

Love. You mistake it *Jack*. He flatters both, and his Damning Quality, I mean his way of abusing absent Parties, endear him to the present. For as nothing mads a Fool so much as to hear another accus'd of Wit and Discretion, so nothing can vex a Woman more than those Praises you bestow upon others. Why, 'tis a certain Rule in Conversation, that to exalt the Beauty of another, is flatly to deny it to her, in whose Presence you speak it.

Med. in Love Sir? And her Name *Celinda*?

Sir Ni. A Frenchly Airy Sound in't, but let no Man know her Name. A Discreet Lover (but few People consult the nicety of that Passion) shou'd always conceal that.

Med. Suspect me not Sir—— *Celinda*? Why I know her very well, she's a Damn'd Jilt. So very Lewd (since *Courtly* turn'd her off) she's every Man's Pennyworth, from the Rich Collonel down to the Poor Centinel? Nay, rather than be Tax'd with the Sin of Ingratitude she'll be yours for nothing, at least for no Money.

Sir

Sir Ni. Gentlemen this is a very good Friend of mine. A Man of Capacity and Parts, so knowing in Intrigues of State and Love, you'd Swear he kept a Familiar about him.

Med. O Sir, You do me too much Honour.

Sir Ni. You are Modest Mr. *Medler*.

Love. Your Choice Sir and the Gentleman's Ingenious Countenance sufficiently confirm that Character you give him.

Med. I suppose Sir, You're well acquainted with this Gentleman's Talent, and may therefore Justly doubt that Character he gives of others; who is himself a Stranger at Home, and perfectly incapable of discerning his own Wants. [aside to *Love*.

Love. I Understand you not Sir.

Med. Lord, Sir, how strangely Fortune has plac'd you this Morning between the Mad Man and the Fool? I mean Sir, *Nicholas* and this *Lovewell*.

Cour. It seems Sir, You do not know these Gentlemen.

Med. Some Virtuous Devil has got into the Room before me, for 'tis not often that we find two Men in one Place, and neither of 'em in an Humour of Winking at the Secret ruin of the other's Fame. *Sir Nicholas* —

Love. Let's Dine together *Jack*. Sirrah, call a Coach.

[they whisper.

Jere. Yes Sir.

[Exit running.

Sir Ni. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. *Courtly*, can you find out the Jest? Ha, ha, ha, I was told, You do me the Honour to Love my Sister?

Cour. If 'tis true Sir, the Young Lady's Charms excuse my Weakness.

Sir Ni. I confess *Melissa* may be very agreeable, Mr. *Courtly*, tho' I know nothing of the matter — There's something so Wise and Familiar in a Sister's Face that 'tis impossible for any Brother in's Wits to think e'm so Handsome or so Witty, as a Stranger who knows e'm not. But now I think on't, to rally at the Female Sex is a way of Wit so absolete, 'tis as Nauseous as a Banter upon Matrimony.

Cour. What then are the Infallible signs of a Modern Wit?

Med. To Drink Extravagantly, and Wench Immoderately, I take it.

Sir Ni. By no means Gentlemen.

Love. Is a great Wigg then the Honourable Mark?

Sir Ni. O tye Mr. *Lovewell*, 'tis true your great Wits show but Monkey Faces, a little Face you know has been long in Fashion, and indeed I ever thought it a scandalous Wigg whose foretop could be Contain'd within any Hat, tho' Wide as a Bushel. But after

after all I ne're believe my *French* Man a Wit-maker.

Med. Atheism is perhaps the Badge of Wit:—

Sir Ni. The Wits indeed were Atheists in old Times, and we followed the brave Example till of late. But Gentlemen, the only Modish mark of a Wit is Ignorance. *Cour.* Ignorance

Sir Ni. Ay Sir, downright Ignorance. We profess no skill in the Arts of our Fathers; Arms, Philosophy, Divinity, and all the Tribe of meaner Sciences. Our only Business is to talk well, dress well: To know the World shows a slavish Mind, and to think of Business is perfectly scandalous.

Enter Jeremy.

Jere. The Coach is ready, Sir.

Cour. Well my Friend, I see You'r impatient to be gone?

Love. I am so, I've Business this Morning with old *Gripeall*, and am oblig'd to Wait upon him at his House. *[going off.]*

Sir Ni. Your most humble Mr. *Lovewell*— O stay Sir, I had quite forgot it; but I have a little Affair too, I'll wait upon you.

Love. Why Sir, I thought you had hated Business?—

Sir Ni. O Sir, above all things, Mr. *Lovewell*, but 'tis with a Lady, and I'll take part of your Coach.

Love. Whither Sir?

Sir Ni. To the Strand.

Love. But Sir I'm oblig'd to go to another place.

Sir Ni. Well 'tis no matter Sir, I have Business there too.

Love. Where Sir?

Sir Ni. Any where Sir. Lord, I hope you will not go into a Barbarous Street where there's not a Chocolate House to be found?

[Exeunt.]

Cour. Well thus 'tis now to be in Love: every thing alarms the Mind, makes me uneasy, and I'm sorry that back-biting Knave thou'd be privy to my design— What is't we doat upon when after all our Services and heavy Hours Consum'd in fruitless Wishes, a Fool may be Prefer'd, who knows not how to value that which perhaps he bought too cheap: or a smooth Tale from an unseen base Enemy (even when we are in Favour) may turn the Ballance and sink us out of sight.

Woman's the cause of all our Early Woes

With Pains we gain her, and in Pain we loose:

Love brings those Cares which she in time removes,

And he's straight Happy whom the fair one Loves.

Thus we're at best the Tools of Womankind

With ease they Wound then cure the sickly Mind,

And we the only slaves that Joy in Bondage find.

[Exit.]
SCENE

SCENE the 2d. Enter Gripeall and Timothy.

Gripe. Ugh, ugha, ugha — I say, Sirrah — Ugha, ugha, —
O I'm undone, with this Cough.

Tim. But as I was saying to your Worship he's —

Grip. Be silent Sirrah — He's — what is he?

Tim. You're no stranger to his Virtues, he's —

Grip. Then Sirrah you will speak, ha? d'ye know the Duties of a Servant?

Tim. Sir, as I take it, Obedience is my first Lesson.

Gripe. Then Sirrah be Dumb, Mute as a Fish in the Sea, d'ye see, but looke Sirrah, what wou'd you say now if I shou'd permit you to speak?

Tim. That which every Man is ready to confess, that your Son is.

Grip. Then Sirrah you are there again? You cannot be silent if you wou'd I find? — Ugha, ugha, O this Servant and this Cough wou'd make a Philosopher a Mad-man.

Tim. I thought your Worship had given me the Liberty of Expressing my Thoughts.

Grip. If I did Sirrah, what then? I take it now back again, I will be Master of my own Family, I say.

Tim. Then, Sir, I am Dumb.

Grip. Not so neither Sirrah. The Lad will never Learn his Duty. I tell you Sirrah you shall speak. D'ye take me for the Great Turk, that I'll have no Servants that cannot answer but in Nods and Soss and other strange Grimaces, speak Sirrah I say.

Tim. Speak; why I know not what to say.

Grip. How Sirrah, not know what to say, d'ye give your self whole-sail to the Devil without Article? did you learn this in my Family?

Tim. 'Twas a fault; Sir.

Grip. Well, Sirrah, to confess is the first step to amendment and I'm glad to find that one sign of growing good, where I ne're expected any. But my gracious Son *Hedlor* is still Erring, and never acknowledging. And yet 'twas his Mother's fault too when she was Young.

Tim. 'Tis impossible Sir to find me a Man without Infirmities.

Grip. 'Tis so indeed *Timothy*.

Tim. And tho' your Son Lives like a Gentleman.

Grip. That is a Rake now adays.

Tim. He's seldom found but in the Company of discreet Men, I must speak well of him though against the Hair of my Conscience: For shou'd the surly Knave come to know I had us'd him otherwise, He'd beat me into Mummy next time he came home Drunk.

Grip.

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Grip. But look ye, Sirrah, what is discretion now?

Tim. To be Prudent, Witty, Generous, Complaisant; in short to be——

Grip. Fiddles, Sirrah, will that purchase an Estate in a formal Fool: he that's Mad by Rules to be preferr'd to one made so by Nature?

Tim. I've done; your Worship's Wisdom can better Judge of things than mine.——

Grip. Well Sirrah, very well said! You confess a double truth and I think sufficiently known to the World.——

Tim. Now he comes. I've known his Humour these seven Years, and can Mould him into that Form that best serves my purpose;—No, I thank Heav'n I've not so much of the Block-head in me as some People are pleas'd to think; I can find out the small difference between a modern Wit, and an ancient Mad-man, and can single out a Man like your Worship, eminent in Judgment from the common Herd, who seem Ignorant of most (if not all) things.

Grip. Right again *Timothy*; I profess this is a notable Servant;

Tim. And by Consequence Sir, I find your Son (whose dull Head sufficiently proves his Mother's Honesty, if I durst tell him so) may very well claim your affection as the reward of his Duty.

Grip. I profess, Sirrah 'tis well spoken in so bad a Cause.

Tim. Your Worship has taught me sometimes to be Eloquent.

Grip. Nay, the Truth on't is, I Love a Flourish sometimes, a Gilded smooth Tongue is very useful in the way of Business; it should be more a Merchant's than a Lawyer's Study. And thou can't witness *Timothy*, I always improv'd my Talent to the best advantage.——

Tim. How Sir?

Grip. Why I Swore to a Cavalier, Sigh'd to a Phanatick, I was an Atheist to a Wit, a Saint to the Hypocrite, a Pimp to the Whoremaster, a Knave to the Courtier, and in short, *Timothy*, I chang'd into all the shapes of the Time, and fitted my Humour and my Conscience to every Customer.

Tim. That required Art and Labour, Sir.

Grip. Why a Friend of mine, an Honest Lawyer taught me the Art, and the love of Money gave me Patience to endure the fatigues of constant dissimulation—Ha! what an Heathenish Noise there is?——Lack a day, 'tis the Lad *Hector*——God forgive me has he got Drunk so early in the Morning? Well, I shall be Eaten up a Live——*Timothy*?

Tim. Here Sir.——

[*Violins and Hooboyes within.*]

Grip. Run Sirrah d'ye hear my Passing-Bell sounded in the back

Room, my Money squander'd and all lost by that Young Prodigal?

Tim. Well, Sir, and what shall I say?

Grip. Then you are here still Sirrah? lack a Day! Hell's broke loose! call my Guard Sirrah, call my good Friend.

Tim. Whom Sir?

Grip. Lack a day, the Lad's verily Demented! whom Sirrah, my Medler I say.

Tim. He's your good Friend indeed—— But a better one to my Mistress. But hang't, a Friend in a Corner is what we all desire—— [Exit.

Grip. I profess I've a good mind now to swinge the Rogue myself. He has been in the Tavern all Night, and now comes reeling home like a Country Knight after a Drinking Match.

Enter Medler and Timothy.

Grip. Timothy, tell him the Business. I'll be gone, for thou'd there be Bloodshed in the Affair, I'll have no hand in't. Ugha, ugha. [Exit.

Med. I know the Business is to Correct his Son—— Egad I'm Sick already; but I must stand to't to maintain my Honour and Post in the Family.—— Let me see. This Cane will do; a lack a day he comes, I hear him, I will avoid him, for in his Drink he may shed Blood, and I may hang with him. [Ex. Grip.

Enter Hector Drunk; Violens and Hooboyes at some distance.

Hect. She's Happy who's Wedded and Lawfully Bedded,

The Parish have nought to say to her:

If she Play by the by, they ne'er ask the Cause why,

Nor lay it to me nor to you Sir.——

Play Rogues—— let me see—— Play any thing or nothing all's one for that—— Ha, honest Friend, honest Father's Friend I mean, good morrow.

Tim. I'm order'd, Sir, by your Father—— [roughly.

Hect. My Father is the Son of—— my Grandfather, and I am some Body's Son or other, and what then?

Tim. Dear Sir, discharge the Musick——

Hect. Timothy, honest Timothy, wilt Dance Timothy?

Tim. Come, Come, no Entreaties, I say, they shall go.

Hect. Shall? Timothy was't not so?

Tim. Ay Sir, and shall be so instantly—— [beats 'em off.

Hect. How! are you at blows already, adad I hate to be singular in my humour.

Tim. Well, Sir, I shall perhaps remember this

Hect. Ay do Sir, and take that to help your Memory. [kicks him.

Tim.

Tim. The Poor Fellow, is a very Christian one; for he seldom remembers any thing that may produce a Mischievous Consequence.

Hett. Is there no other Body in the House *Timothy*?

Tim. None but your Father Sir.

Hett. Hang him, he's so Old I can't in Honour fight him: but now my Sword's out. I'd fain be doing somewhat.

Tim. But Sir there's no Body in the Family, you wou'd not Quarrel as you us'd to do with the Bed-post?

Hett. Then Honest *Timothy*, I Faith I must beat thee, to keep my hand in use——— *Honest Tim.* [beats him.

Tim. O Sir, I'm your Honest *Timothy*, I'm sufficiently Beaten indeed Sir.

Hett. Then lead me to Bed, I'll sleep half an hour and then to the Bottle again. But now I think on't I have not left one farthing.

Tim. This is a very orderly way of Living; Sir.

Hett. 'Tis so *Timothy*, and I shall be as much of a Gentleman within these few Years as if the Old Curmudgion my Father had been Knight and Barroner. *She's happy who's Wedded, &c.* (Singing) supported by *Timothy*. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE, the 1st.

Enter Sir Nicholas Empty and Melissa.

Sir Ni. **W**HY Sister—— But that Word sounds so Clownish: *Melissa*, or Madam, will do better.

Meli. What you please Sir.

Sir Ni. Ay, that's Right, Sir, is something, or *Sir Nicholas Empty* may be sometimes very fitting; but for half my Estate I wou'd not have you call me Brother.

Meli. Why Sir, I have not dishonour'd my Family?

Sir Ni. Dishonour'd, and Family, these are two such strange Words too! why what a heavy dull genius you have! You follow the Age Madam at such a distance, one wou'd Swear you were afraid of being thought Witty.

Meli. How wou'd you have me express it Sir?

Sir Ni. Why thus Madam, and with this Tone or Languishing Voice, upon my Soul *Sir Nicholas* I'd rather be amongst the Number of the Dead——— O, no, no——— upon my Soul Sir I'd rather be in the Region of shadows, than be guilty of diminishing

nishing the Lustre ——— no ——— Glory of our House.

Meli. That does better, indeed, Sir.

Sir Ni. O fye, much better, 'tis so far from the Ordinary Road; but Madam, I have not yet finish'd the Story of Mr. *Courtly*; the Man's desperately in Love.

Meli. With whom Sir?

Med. You are the Lady. But Madam to be ingenious in the Matter, 'tis but a mean Conquest: Half the Town can Plead some interest in the Gentleman; he has Lov'd and Promis'd liberally this seven Years, and to Marry him were indeed the way to Mortification ——— Your Closet wou'd be an Apothecary's Shop where every Drugg wou'd be a Memento of past Lewdness, and your Bed a very Charnel-house ———

Sir Ni. Nay, now my dear Friend, you are too severe; your Satyr has too much Edge upon't: The Gentleman's a piece of a Wit, and Honourable Love shou'd not be decry'd. I hate to Sin like a Porter, that's Damnable; But to sin in State and like a Gentleman I hope is Venial.

Meli. Vices are to be abhor'd under every shape, and no advantage can render Deformity agreeable:

Sir Ni. O Mr. *Medler* I'm sick. Perfectly sick, out of order! Did you observe that Religious Air with which she spoke? Egad 'tis so unlike a Gentlewoman, that a Country Lady who had only been three short Minutes at Court wou'd be heartily asham'd to talk so when she went down again to her Husband.

Hah! Mr. *Courtly*:

Enter Courtly:

Cour. To be welcome where there's such agreeable Company is a Blessing, the happiest Man on Earth wou'd Sigh for.

Sir Ni. That's a Complement to the fair *Melissa*.

Med. That Sentence Sir has gain'd the Knight; you have indeed an admirable cunning way with you.

Cour. How! Sir, speak to Knaves and Fools.

Meli. He shows yet one sign of Honour in his Contempt of flattery. ———

Cour. I must Confess I wish'd to find the fair *Melissa* here, but durst not hope it wou'd be so.

Meli. And I presume, Sir, had she been absent you had not been less Fortunate.

Cour. Why Madam, what Man does not wish to see that thing he Loves? does not the Miser under the Covert of a Gloomy Night steal thro' lonesome shades secure from fears to view his Darling Treasure? If he finds it he's blest, and if 'tis gone he mourns What then are a Lovers Joys who sees the Nobler Object of his Wishes?

Sir

Sir Ni. Lord, *Medler*! How Miserably poor Lovers look? *Courtly*, now is Withing, Whining, Praying, and showing all the fondness of a very Boy, who begs some gawdy trifle; Well, I wish I had ne'er seen *Celinda*, for I shall loose my self, my Honour and my Wit in this mighty Labyrinth of Love.

Med. The Gentleman has not your way with him, *Sir Nicholas*, If he had, where ere he plac'd his Love twou'd be attended with Success.

Sir Ni. To Love well is not the Way to gain a Woman: To Court well is indeed the Business, and I think when a Man attacks a Lady's Heart with a Noble Indifferency, he's sure to be Conquerour.

Med. That's Certain *Sir*. Pursue a Woman and she Naturally flies from you, run from her, and she'll follow. They hate what they may have with ease, and only covet what they can't Enjoy.

Sir Ni. O fye, Mr. *Medler* if the Ladies heard you——

Enter Lovewell.

Ha! my Dear *Lovewell* I'm glad your arriv'd to relieve two persecuted Lovers, for I am apt to think *Melissa* is so strongly assaulted she knows not how to defend her self, and can't in Honour Yeild, and your Friend has doubtless exhausted all his Oaths and Compliments, and is ready to abandon the Seige till he muster new force.

Love. By all my hopes of future Joys I'm glad to find him here! His Stars and mine have Joyntly wish'd it shou'd be so, for in his success lyes ruin, and in his Loss, but a few short Sighs and heavy Hours which time at last removes.— Well, for Friendship's sake and his safety I will be indeed Unmannerly.

Med. Wou'd the Devil had gotten this fellow last Night, and then I had not been Plagu'd with him this Morning. He has some Honour tho' he has no Religion, and therefore my Enemy; I expected a better Dinner from *Gripeall's* Friend than himself, and now I'm disappointed. *[Exit.*

Love. *Jack*, it seems you have been this Day a Prisoner to the fair Lady when Business Lyes abroad neglected?

Meli. I'm not an Enemy to the Gentleman's Liberty *Sir*.

Love. Then my Friend may walk down Stairs Madam. The Gate stands open.

Meli. Doubtless *Sir*, and you may wait upon him if you please.

Love. And I will do so Madam. For I was ne'er so farr bewilder'd in a Lady's Chamber, but I cou'd find the way out again.

Cour. By Heav'n *Sir* You——

Love. Lord Man, you forget Business abroad. A Friend of yours waits for you at the Rose, one that can do you Service in your Amour.

Cour. Quick, his Name?

Love.

Love. A good Dinner and a Bottle of most Christian Liquor.

Meli. The Gentleman Sir seems to be your Friend, follow his advice, and remember your Business better for the future. But in the mean time believe that *Melissa* is not of an Humour so perfectly easy as you it seems wou'd have her. *Exit.*

Cour. For Heaven's sake Madam stay: by all that's good she's gone! Curse on your unreasonable freedom Sir.

Love. And your unmanly fears. What at odds with thy Friend for a Mistress? now I know *Courtly*, before, it seems I did not, I thought our Friendship had been wound up to one height, there fix'd, not to be undone again at will or when our Passions wish'd it?

Cour. So did I Sir, but you it seems wou'd break what cou'd not be untied?

Love. No Sir. But I cou'd give an answer, which tho' it might please less wou'd have more of Truth in't.

Cour. Then I Lye Sir?

Love. What e're I think of that kind I delay to tell, in such a place as this. In the open Field I cou'd have sav'd you the labour of guessing a Truth you know to well.

Sir Ni. Gentlemen?—— Dam me—— this Sword—— Egad—— Gentlemen you shall not fight. I hope Mr. *Courtly* and you Mr. *Lovewell* you wear Swords for an Ornament not present use?—— Let me dye they look not Beauish, they are not long and brittle.

Cour. The open Field? that's a bare shift to shoot off present Danger.

Sir Ni. Fighting is unlike a Gentleman, Egad my Friends Beaus never fight in earnest. They have some little handy squabbles, or attack the Enemy by way of Satyr to prove their Wits, not their Courage. Why a pointed Steel is a Butcher's not a Lover's Weapon.

Cour. I beg your Pardon Sir, my Judgment was not Master of my Passion; I ought to have remember'd that I was yet in *Melissa's* Lodging and yours.

Love. Then Sir, owe your safety to your Memory. But a Man of Courage seldom bears such an one about him.

Sir Ni. Lord Mr. *Lovewell* you are so very Chagren! Let me Dye I know not what to say.

Cour. Nay *George* now I begin to cool, my Feaver's almost o're, and you wou'd have it back again. That is not the Office of a Friend.——

Love. Friend? when I did it, you Curst me for't.

Cour. Was't an effect of Friendship then.

Love.

- Love.* For such I design it.
- Cour.* Then I've been faulty, and I beg your Pardon, *George*.
- Love.* Nay, now you shall not. The fault was mine, and I ought first to ask Forgiveness.
- Cour.* No, I ought to have remembered thy Humour.
- Love.* But I should have remembered your Love to *Melissa*.
- Cour.* Thy mistaken Friendship spur'd thee on to keep me from a Heaven, because thou didst not think it such.
- Love.* But a gentler Method might have been us'd: I was indeed too hasty. But you can yet forgive?
- Cour.* Then we are Friends again.
- Love.* No, we always were Friends, 'twas but a little Sally of the Soul; now she retreats, and w're at perfect Peace again.
- Sir Nich.* Gentlemen, let me dye, I'm happy in being the Instrument of your Reconciliation, for I had been puzzled how to behave my self. My Sword was not for Business, and in the Fight I had undoubtedly disordered my Cravat and Perriwig; and then you know how Ill and Clownishly a Man looks——. But Mr. *Courtly*, you look so damnably Melancholy, I'll swear I'm sorry for ye; I'll do you all the Office of a good Friend, by endeavouring to pacify the incens'd *Melissa*.
- Cour.* Sir, I'm much your Debtor for that offer you make me.
- Sir Nich.* Well, Sir, leave that to my Care. In the mean time, Gentlemen, I'm for the Rose. Let me see, 'tis past One a Clock: O Lord, now I think on't, I'm Appetiz'd. *[pulls out his Watch.]*
- Love.* I have not seen old *Gripeall* as I intended; I must therefore be absent a Minute or two; that done, I'll fly t'ye. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E. II.

Gripeall and *Timothy*.

- Gripe.* Why, Sirrah, should not my Will be a Law in my own Family? May not I give my own Daughter to whom I please? But my Servants are become so strangely Witty, I shall be thought a Fool amongst 'em if I Exert not my Authority.
- Tim.* I hope, Sir, you don't suspect my Fidelity and good Inclinations to your Service?
- Gripe.* No, *Timothy*, I do not, indeed, suspect thee.
- Tim.* And yet, Sir, I have hitherto in vain warn'd you, nay, beg'd you wou'd beware of that subtle Knave *Medler*.
- Gripe.* How, Sirrah, I say he's my trusty Friend, a Man that looks

narrowly after my Affairs; and you'r a Rogue, Sirrah, one who wou'd rob your Neighbour of his Reputation.

Tim. Ay, ay, Sir, a very good Friend, and one who looks after your Wife's Affairs more narrowly than he ought to do.

Gripe. Then, Sirrah——, Gad-a-mercy! The Lad has laid aside all Signs of Duty and Respect, due to a discreet Master——. Sirrah, wou'd you call your Mistress a——, bless me! the very Word's abominable, and your Master is a Monster; Are Age and Cuckoldom then inseparable Companions? Lack-a-day!

Tim. I am Dumb, Sir.

Gripe. But you shall not, Sarrah, you shall speak I say, and quickly too, my Wife you say is Naught?

Tim. I will not positively affirm it, but am much affraid it may be so.

Gripe. Afraid——! verily so am I, *Timothy.* The Woman's young, no Cares oppress her Mind; continued Ease and Health, and my old Age may stir her up to Lewdness: 'Tis possible, *Timothy.*

Tim. 'Tis so, Sir——. Now could I get this Medler excluded I'd be sole Governour of the House.

Gripe. And yet I am not so very feeble, *Timothy.*

Tim. Ay, Sir, but you're very Old.

Gripe. Very old, Sirrah, is Fifty so very much?

Tim. 'Tis enough, Sir, but Seventy is more.

Gripe. How, Sirrah! I protest the Lad is Mad; wou'd you know my Age better than I do my self? Do I walk like Seventy? Look, Sirrah, and answer Conscientiously. [*Struts up and down.*]

Tim. No, I'faith, you tread as firmly as a Man of Thirty.

Gripe. Very good, I profess this is a judicious Servant. But, *Timothy*, will my Wife think so?

Tim. Every body else wou'd, Sir.

Gripe. And I hope she is not so very unreasonable as not to trust her own Eyes? But, *Timothy*, when a Woman will be wanton, no Art, no Argument can prevail. Call my Friend, I must commit her to his Care, the Man has some Grace and may——.

Tim. What, Sir?

Gripe. What, Sirrah? Are you Deaf? I say call the Man.

Tim. My Mistress's Man, Sir?

Gripe. This Servant of mine is worth nothing; he's a perfect Stranger to his Duty. Seventy Quotha! Let me see——, I was nimble in *Oliver's* Days, and I hope I am not quite fail'd; well, I will try't now for a fancy, and to humour my self. If I can mount this Joint-stool then I'm but Eight and Forty, and my Wife shall know I am not much decay'd; if I cannot then I will confess my self Fifty and some odd Years—
Ha! O Lord I'm undone! This Body of mine is horridly bruiz'd——.

Ha!

Love at first Sight.

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Ha! Mr. Medler, you see I'm gone! kill'd, Mr. Medler! perfectly Slain!
[falls over the Stool.]

Enter Medler, and Timothy.

Tim. The Cause, Sir, from whence proceeds your Malady?

Gripe. Oh sad! a suddain Qualm; the Ague, or the Gout, or something.

Tim. Where are you pain'd, Sir?

Gripe. All over Man——, Ingeniously I shall never leap so high again.

Tim. Well, Age is a sad Disease——. Your Worship will dye.

Gripe. How, Sirrah, Dye? I hope you lye, your Impudence, and you shall know, Sirrah, by the weight of this Cane, I am not ripe for Death.
[rises suddainly]

Tim. Remember, Sir, that suddain Passion may encrease your Pain.

Gripe. Ingeniously I'm whole, perfectly Cur'd I say, will dye Quotha? I can walk to Tyburn, Sirrah, to see you hang'd.

Tim. I beg your Worship ten thousand Pardons, had I not lov'd you I had not fear'd your Death.

Gripe. Ha! Timothy, what say'st?

Tim. None but a Fool would love his Master when the Reward consists in Threats.
[Crys both]

Gripe. Lack-a-day, 'tis a good Lad, a very affectionate Servant.

Med. He dissembles, Sir, and your easie Humour gives him too much Encouragement.

Gripe. I profess ingeniously it may be so——. Timothy, you are a Knave.

Tim. Very good, Sir.

Gripe. And an Hypocrite.

Tim. Right, Sir.

Gripe. Why, Mr. Medler, d'ye think the Lad Dissembles? Call my Wife, Sirrah?
[Exit Timothy]

Med. By that Friendship between us, Sir, I doubt her Virtue much.

Gripe. And I believe not without Cause; but I hope you watch her narrowly, and can give me a faithful account of her Behaviour.

Med. She Prays much.

Gripe. That's a bad Sign; A Religious Cloack is the best Covert of Infirmities.

Med. She goes often to Church.

Gripe. And you wait upon her thither.

Med. Always.

Gripe. And did you never see her Leer and Ogle, put her Book to her Mouth and Smile with her Eyes, then put up her Hand to hide a Blush, and sink her Head as if she mumbled o'er a Prayer.

Med. No.

Love at first Sight.

Gripe. Then upon what score d'ye question her Integrity?

Med. She's much given to reading in private.

Gripe. Sermons I hope.

Med. No, Sir, Plays, Novels, Romances, and Poems innumerable.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, a very infallible sign of a fleshly Mind; I'm a Cuckold!

Enter Elizabeth.

Ha! Observe what a bewitching Eye there is, sincerely I'm much afraid, for this World wants not wicked Elders to tempt the Chast *Susanna's* Wife, no *Elizabeth*, let me call you by that Name till I know if you deserve the other.

Eliz. Sir, I'm already sensible of my Misfortune: Your Weakness proves the Ruin of my Honour; nor can your own escape when 'tis committed in trust to one who makes it his Business to destroy it——

Med. Meaning me it may be, Madam.

Eliz. Yes, Sir, and did he not doat upon his own Ruin; Did he not earnestly covet a Civil War in his House, and wish a Torment to himself, he wou'd not give Credit to so base a Man.

Gripe. Mum, *Elizabeth*, when you abuse others to excuse your self, 'tis but a weak Argument to prove your Innocence.

Mrs. Gripe. Wou'd any Woman, whose Honour has been always dearer to her than Life it self, and who has entertain'd no other thought than how to Please her Husband, and Merit his utmost Confidence, see her Virtue so much Abus'd, her Love so ill Repaid, and not run Mad with Grief?

Gripe. Lack-a-day, Poor Heart, she weeps——

Enter Hector, Fidelia and Timothy.

Come here, Sirrah.

So——; Stand where you are; move not from your Post, I say.

Tim. Now, Sir, be brisk, Remember you was a Gentleman this Morning, when you came from the Tavern; I hope your Wits, as usually they do, are not fled with your Wine?

Gripe. Hem; I have not forgot that Speech I prepar'd Yesterday---. I have call'd you together for my own Quiet and your Instruction. I have a very unruly Family, and I must beware of giving Offence to my Neighbours; that is, I will have a thorough Reformation in my House. I have been an old Sinner, and you were sent me, Sirrah, as a Punishment for the Transgressions of my Youth. Lack-a-day, you both plead Guilty by your Silence; What, have you nothing to say? Ha! The World steps in between me and a good Design.

Enter Lovewell.

I've some little Money: Business, with this Gentleman, but you may stay here.

Love.

Love. Ha! What's here? By this Light I'm Thunder-struck; there's something at my Heart so strangely new, I know not what to think.

Gripe. Run, *Timothy*, bring the large Book with the Ink-standish. Now, Sir, let us end that Affair.

Love. By all my Hopes I'm Lost; What! brought me into this Place: But stay——; I hope she's not a Woman.

Gripe. The Money, Sir, will amount to——.

Love. Money! 'tis meer Trash, Sir—, yet she must be a Woman; there's something that speaks her Flesh and Blood; and Tender, ev'n to Love.

Fide. There's something in this Stranger's Face so confus'd, and yet so very Agreeable, I know not what to think on't——. He Eyes me with Concern, and I'm pleas'd to find it so.

Gripe. But as I was saying, Sir, 'twill amount to——.

Love. What you please, Sir—, the Book is not yet come: What is't I feel——? That's a needless Question now I think on't: Can any Man see so much Beauty and not Love? Ha! Love? Then I'll be gone; That Word bears Destruction in the very Sound on't——. By all that's Good I'm chain'd! I cannot——, but I will go——. Sir, I've forgot my Papers, I beg your Pardon: I'll wait on you after Dinner. [Exit. *hastily.*]

Gripe. Lack-a day, the Man must be Mad. But after Dinner the Business shall be dispatch'd.

Fide. He's gone and I'm sorry for't; Methinks I see him still——; Whither has my Weakness hurried me? For now I find I Love——. Perhaps the same Power that wounded me resolved he shou'd be mine; and that disorder which he shew'd was, perhaps, an Effect of his infant Passion——; yet, it may be but the faint Ressemblance of some happier Beauty, and he but thought of her he lov'd and not of me.

Re-enter Timothy with the Book.

Gripe. You're a lazy Fellow, Sirrah. But, layt aside, the Gentleman's gone——. Now to other Business; *Hector*, ungracious Boy, *Hector*?

Hect. Here, Sir.

Gripe. I'm your Father; What say you, Sirrah?

Hect. Ay.

Gripe. I've gain'd an Estate for you.

Hect. Hum.

Gripe. And now you are come to Years of Discretion.

Hect. Ay, Sir.

Gripe. You must endeavour to add to't.

Hect. Yes, Sir.

Gripe.

Gripe. I've therefore found a Wife for you.

Hett. What you please, Sir.

Gripe. Sir *Nicholas Empty's* Sister. The Man owes me a considerable Sum; that, and his Sisters Portion, will eat up his whole Estate. I've Order'd *Timothy* to speak to him about it, for the Business must be dispatch'd e'er the young Man gain Time, and see his own Danger. Is not the Project good?

Hett. Ay, Sir.

Gripe. *Timothy*, there's the Key of my black Chest, you'll find a Suit of Cloths in't fitting for a Bridegroom; I've had 'em by me these Forty Years, bring my fine Sword too; you know them, Sirrah?

Tim. Very well, Sir.

Gripe. Be in readiness precisely by two a Clock, and look you, Sirrah, because you may have some use for Money, shou'd the young Man take you to the Tavern, there's—, let me see—, there's a Shilling, and come not home now with a Regiment of Fiddlers, when I give you Money to support your Credit.

Hett. No, Sir.

Gripe. *Fidelia*, this Morning Sir *John Single* came to Town, I expected him to Dinner; but it seems he's resolv'd to pay his first Visit this Afternoon. He and I were old Companions, I dare answer for the Man; he's well skill'd in his own Affairs, and in his own way will make a notable Husband for you; for your old Batchelors know best how to Rule young Wives. Come, Sirrah, give me those Papers which concern Sir *Nicholas Empty*.

Tim. Why, Sir, you have them in your own Closet.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, that's true. I profess I had forgot my self, and 'tis no wonder:

*Old Age and Care together still we find,
This wastes the Body, That Destroys the Mind;
Insensible of both, we still live on,
Know no Decay whilst after Wealth we run,
And sink our selves, at last, to raise a Spendthrift Son.* }

The End of the Second A c t.

A c t

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sir Nicholas Empty and Medler meeting.

SIR *Nicholas.* We are opportunely met, Mr. *Medler.*

Med. We are so, Sir, for I was just about to wait upon you at your Lodgings.

Sir Nich. Why, have you seen *Celinda* then?

Med. No I'faith, Sir, but I shall wait upon her this Afternoon.

Sir Nich. O my dear damnable Friend, I'm your very humble Servant.

Med. But, Sir, I've a Commission from Mr. *Gripeall* that very much concerns you.

Sir Nich. Well, that must be Business; pray, my Friend, do not kill me with so mean a thought as that of worldly Interest: 'Tis the Employment of a low minded Fellow to waste his Brains, and Time, for Money; I'll have nothing in my Head but Wit and Love.

Med. But to th' Business in hand, Sir, you remember that Sum due to——

Sir Nich. O sad! Mr. *Medler*, wou'd you disturb me; I remember I'm much his Debtor, but to talk of Particulars is so unbecoming——

Med. Ay, but Sir, I must tell you, that——

Sir Nich. Ah, Mr. *Medler*——, Good Lord! so, I'm already a Man of Business, a slovenly Lump of Clay, that violent Motion of the Body has so disorder'd every thing about me——, Egad I'm afraid I shall not know my self——, there's no Glass here I find.

Med. The Principle Sum amounts to 4000 *l.* the Interest——

Sir Nich. Oh Horrible! Wou'd you talk of so much Money to a Man in Love?

Med. And this, Sir, must be presently paid.

Sir Nich. Did you ever hear of a Wit, Mr. *Medler*, that paid so great a Sum? 4000 Pounds! As I hope for Mercy I never thought upon't before; it may be twenty or one for ought I know. I remember one Day, indeed, when I was about to pay a visit to a young Lady in *Coven-Garden Church*, I subscrib'd a huge rabble of Papers.

Med. And did you not read'em, Sir?

Sir Nich. What a dull Question that is? In half that Time all had been lost that was valuable about me.

Med. How, Sir? You did not run the hazard of being robb'd in his House?

Sir

Sir Nich. how blockish you are to Day, my Friend? The Spirits of all these Perfumes, necessary to compleat a Beau, had been wholly Evaporated; my Wig, Gloves, Handkerchief, and every Thing, had been plain and useless.

Med. A witty Consideration truly, Sir, and simply Necessary for a Man of your Parts. A mean Dish wou'd be nobly Garnish'd, and a Coward may pass for a Man of Courage when dress'd in Armour—But still, Sir, the Money must be paid instantly, or——

Sir Nich. Or what, my Friend? pray let it a Civil or, free from Business.

Med. Or give your Sister to his Son *Hector*.

Sir Nich. Hum——, Is he a Wit, my Friend?

Med. No, Sir; but he's a Brother of the Faculty.

Sir Nich. What? a Physician.

Med. No, Sir, a Fool.

Sir Nich. A Fool——; but 'tis possible he may be a Wit?

Med. Doubtless, Sir, very possible.

Sir Nich. Then she's his upon my Honour.

Med. And Mr. *Courtly* must quit his Pretensions?

Sir Nich. Let me dye, you distract me so; now I think on't I love *Jack Courtly*, and always promised him my Assistance.

Med. Why, Sir, he's not a Wit?

Sir Nich. 'Tis true, he's damnably solid: he thinks much, hates a Wench, and wou'd rather hear a Sermon than a Play. Now by all these Marks 'tis easie to know the Man is not a Wit——

Med. Ha! Listen, Sir——, I hear the old Knave in the next Room, if he has any Business he'll come into this, and you'll be so harrafs'd about that Money.

Sir Nich. O! my Friend, lets run to the Tavern, or whither you please, I hear the unwelcome Noise already. [Exunt.]

Enter Gripeall, and Timothy with Books.

Gripe. You have the Books, *Timothy*?

Tim. Yes, Sir, your Spectacles are within the big one.

Gripe. Take the Waste-Book; there, *Sarra*, look Mr. *Lovewell*, what Page

Enter Lovewell.

Love. I see Business will spoil my Design. The fair *Fidelia* is not here, and now, methinks, I'm lost; where's all that Constancy I've often boasted? I'm already a Womans Slave, yet can't stay away.

Gripe. Why, *Sirrah*, have you not found it.

Tim. No, Sir, 'tis not here.

Gripe. You're a notable Servant indeed, *Sarra*, *James* wou'd have found it.

Tim. That may be, he's often poreing in your Waste-Book.

Gripe.

Gripe. How, Sirrah! I know your meaning, you sawcy—, talk so of my Wife.

Love. Ha, ha, ha, your humble Servant, Sir; what? in Anger.

Gripe. Your Servant Mr. *Lovewell*; ingeniously the Flesh sometime will prevail, and I'm sorry for't—. A Chair—. Come, Sirrah, lend me the Book—. You went away, Sir, very strangely in the Forenoon, I hope you're in Health.

Love. Yes, yes, Sir—, but still my Mind's disorder'd: Love is the very Fever of the Soul, and I am sick ev'n to Madness—. Curse on this unruly Weakness! I'm become a Fool, and—

Gripe. Ay, ay, here 'tis; let me see the Ledger—, so Page—; Mr. *Lovewell* per Bond 300 l. dated—. O Lack-a-day, Sir *John Single*, you're a true Observer,

Enter Sir John Single.

of your Promises. This Gentleman is my Friend, Sir *John*.

Sir John. Your humble Servant, Sir—. Well, my dear old Boy, I'm glad to see thee. S'heart, I have not been in Town these twenty Years, and yet I find thee just such an one as I left thee, a good, old, honest Fellow. You can take a Bottle *Gripeall*.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, he'll betray my secret Follies, *Timothy* speak to him.

Sir John. You're Silent, Man.

Gripe. I can take a moderate Glass, Sir *John*.

Sir John. And a Girl in a Corner. [*Timothy speaks aside to Sir John*]

Gripe. Not I, Sir *John*.

Tim. By all means, Sir, a downright sober Person.

Sir John. I might have guess'd that. He was a practical Atheist thirty Years and upwards. Well, old Boy, thou canst drink moderately.

Gripe. To satisfy Nature, Sir *John*.

Sir John. That's good, Boddikins, I had almost forgot; How's your Daughter?

Gripe. *Timothy*, call *Fidelia*—, you shall see, Sir, a Virtuous young Woman, a Lass of my own breeding.

Love. What is this old Fellow my Rival? They talk too very familiarly upon the Subject.

Sir John. Call my good Brother *Hector* too.

Tim. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Timothy*]

Love. Good Brother quoth'e? then my Ruin's sealed, and I'm denied what's yet to every Man allowed. There's no room for hope, since *Fidelia* is already doom'd to another's Arms—, she enters. My Heart beats quick; Love and Anger jointly share my Breast, and I cou'd,

Enter Fidelia.

Cut this Fellow's Throat, without remorse of Conscience.

Fide. Ha! the Man I love here, and he whose very Name I always hated.

hated. To compleat my Misfortune, his Person is uglier than e'er my Fancy form'd him, when yet I knew him not.

Sir John. Zooks, a fine jolly Quean! Come here, Sweet-heart; by my troth, old Boy, she has a sweet Breath, and a very soft Lip.

Love. He wants a Soul when *Fidelia's* Eyes can kindle no more warmth within him.

Gripe. *Fidelia*, this is the Man I have often nam'd, and wish'd to be thy Husband.

Fide. The young Gentleman, Sir.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, can't you distinguish a Knight from a private Man? Sir, we can do no Business till Night.

Love. But then, Sir, I'm to be employed another way.

Gripe. Lack-a-day! The young Baggage looks always this way—; Indeed, Sir, I wou'd not have you stay so long.

Love. But indeed, Sir, I will not go away.

Sir John. You know, fair Maid, what has brought me to Town, bod-dikins, I'm sick on't already, let's therefore dispatch our Business speedily, and then to the Country again; I have there a noble Dairy, a brave Fish-pond, a Pack of fine Hounds, and every thing that renders Life desirable.

Love. Have you many young Gentlemen and Ladies there, Sir?

Sir John. Why d'ye ask, Sir?

Love. To divert your Lady, and to supply the loss of her Friends in Town.

Sir John. That's your *London* way, Sir, not ours. We do not seek Men to divert our Wives, we shift for our selves i'th' Country—; no, no, young Lady I'll be in stead of Friends.

Love. Pray Sir, ask the young Lady's Opinion.

Sir John. We ne'er consult our Wives, Sir. Opinion! Women shou'd have no Opinion.

Love. Then your Wives are Cyphers.

Sir John. No, Sir; but when some of 'em Cast up Accompts with their Friends, Husbands are made Cyphers.

Fide. You have a very ill Opinion of Women, *Sir John*, when you proclaim it even before your Mistress.

Sir John. Look ye, Madam, I hope you are a singular Woman—. But pray, Sir, inform me, is this your way in *London*, to give Advice in Matters that lye not in your Road,

Love. Yes indeed, Sir.

Sir John. Boddikins, 'tis thought very ill Manners in the Country, and for any thing I know may be so in Town too.

Gripe. That Business between us, Sir, must be delayed.

Love. But, Sir, I must wait upon this Gentleman.

Sir John. Not upon me, Sir, you may be gone when you please; look

look ye, Sir, I can wait upon my self——. Madam, I hope your Heart confirms your Father's choice; he's a wise old Fellow, and for my part I'm resolv'd to trust to him——

Gripe. *Bona fide*, he speaks notably.

Fide. You think me a Mistress easily won, Sir *John*, or that Fame flew quick before you, levell'd the Way, and made the Conquest easy.

Sir John. I hope you're no Child, Madam, to be gain'd with fair Words, pretty Toys, Serenades, Balls, and the rest of such womanish Gew-gaws.

Fide. A Mistress, for whom you'd be at no Pains, Merits not the Honour of being your Wife.

Sir John. Why look'st thee, my Heart, I love thee very well. If thou canst do so by me 'tis a Bargain, if not, 'zooks I say, there's no harm done, we are both fit for a new Market.

Gripe. Ingeniously he Woes her like a Man of Honour.

Love. 'Tis impossible *Fidelia* should be his, and yet I cannot hope her mine——. Nay, I'm now so much a Coward, I dare not embrace this golden Opportunity, and whisper in her Ear I love.

Fide. That, upon which a future course of Life depends, ought not to be so slightly Weigh'd, or so inconsiderately Determin'd.

Gripe. I profess 'twas answer'd like a discreet Girl, Sir *John*.

Sir John. That's certain, old Boy. But a discreet Lover is not so to be fob'd off——. Ay, but, Madam, we say 'tis good striking the Iron when tis hot, now it may be is the Time, for a wise Man shou'd ply the lucky Minute.

Fide. But if it proves not such a one, then he procures Hatred not Love.

Sir John. Adad she's plaguy cunning——. That were Cruelty, fair Lady, to Entertain a Man so scurvily for his good Will.

Fide. 'Tis Weakness, not Cruelty, to grant all to the Man who only aims at his own Advantage.

Sir John. But if in seeking his own he advances yours, what then?

Fide. When I'm assur'd of that I'll know how to treat him.

Sir John. Is a Man's own Word no Assurance in this City?

Fide. If he gives it upon reasonable Grounds; but that my Interest should at first sight be dear to him as his own, is not very probable.

Love. If a Man can love at first sight the case is then alter'd, Madam.

Sir John. Well said young Man, well put in.

Fide. Yes, Sir, 'tis possible a Man may love; but how can I be assur'd of so hasty a Conquest.

Love. By continued Services, our very Looks; all our Actions prove us Slaves to Love.

Fide. If I should believe it, yet still 'tis madness to trust that Man that Loves so unreasonably, and bestows his Heart on one he knows not;

May he not be guilty of the same Weakness to Morrow, and give it to another?

Sir John. Sincerely, the young Quean wou'd puzzle a Philosopher.
Gripe. 'Tis a fine Girl indeed.

Love. You ought most to trust that Man who Loves soonest; it shews, Madam, the Effect of a powerful Sympathy: And since he lov'd without the Advice of his Reason, 'tis not to be fear'd his Reason can set him at Liberty.

Fide. His Judgment may not at all times be asleep or weak.

Love. Then Love, Madam, will augment his Troops, and keep that Fort by Force, which at first he took by Surprise.

Fide. Then you wou'd prefer Love without Reason, to Love and Reason jointly mixt, where long Acquaintance, and a perfect Knowledge of your Mistresses Virtues beget Esteem, which, when arriv'd to Love, can ne'er come back again to Indifference.

Love. Doubtless, Madam, that's at best but a refin'd Friendship inspir'd by Interest; what we chuse in cold Blood we may disprove in Passion, or when a greater Beauty kindles a nobler warmth.

Sir John. Sir, you have argu'd the Case as if it had been your own— Now, Madam, I need not repeat it again, say is't a Bargain? Are you pleas'd with your Father's choice.

Love. Ha! What means that following Blush? I wish it bode me well—— Sir, do you buy Wives in the Country——

Sir John. S'heart, Sir, that's not a Miracle, when there are other Men's Wives to be sold here; but you do not love my way of Courtship perhaps.

Love. I do not much admire your Method, Sir.

Sir John. Then you may let it alone, Sir.

Love. Nay, but Sir, I'm your Well-wisher.

Sir John. Ay, but s'heart, Sir, I'm none of yours.

Gripe. Look ye, Sir, we can dispatch no Business at this Time.

Love. Ay, but Sir, I have the gift of Patience, I must perswade the Gentleman that I am his Friend.

Sir John. Nay for that, look ye, Sir, 'tis a Business of no great Moment; I shall go into the Country in two Days, we may never meet again; s'heart then what matters it if you are my Friend, or I am your Friend? We shall ne'er kiss a Glass together.

Love. But, Sir, we may keep a friendly Correspondence by way of——

Sir John. A friendly Correspondence.

[in passion]

Love. You read no ill design in my Face, Sir.

Sir John. No, Sir, but you have a villanous sort of a Leer that way, and you wou'd fain begin an early Acquaintance with my Mistress, Sir. Ha! Whom have we here? A very reverend Gentleman, a Justice of the Peace, I suppose.

Enter

Enter Hector and Timothy.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, 'tis my Son, Sir, 'tis the Lad *Hector*.

Sir John. Young Man come up——, I have not seen a Man with a more fatherly Air about him. I know not if you have begun as early as your Father did, who had his Master's Daughter with Child in the first Year of his Apprenticeship.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, he will undo me——. I was indeed much wrong'd in that Affair.

Love. Madam, such a pair of fashionable Lovers——.

Sir John. A Man must not have his Brains in's Pocket, in this Town I find, Sir, stand off, the Room is large enough——. Now, fair Lady, what's your Resolution? I plead no Honour, no Estate, I stand upon your Father's choice, and the Merit of my Person, which in our Country is not Contemptible, if I may say't, Madam.

Fide. I have already said, Sir, that a Business of so much Consequence——.

Sir John. Hang Consequences, I say; What? a Woman's Thought shou'd be all Extempore——, a thinking Wife is the trouble of a Family,

Gripe. Verily, *Sir John*, I think the young Woman acts reasonably; 'tis not customary to yield at first, and the World, ye know, is rul'd by Custom; to morrow Morning the Business shall be perfected, therefore *Fidelia* withdraw, and employ the few remaining Hours in preparing those things you may find necessary for a private and a speedy Marriage; see, *Sir John*, she's all Obedience. [*is going.*]

Sir John. Stay, Madam, I had almost been unmannerly, take this Kiss and my Blessing before you go——. What is this your way? d'ye turn aside your Face in *London*, and kiss by the Ears: I say your Mouth or nothing. [*Exit. Fide.*]

Love. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, you're become impatient, Sir, all on the sudden.

Love. I just now remembred, Sir, that a Friend stay'd for me. [*Exit.*]

Sir John. This young fellow is doubtless a Rival.

Gripe. Sincerely I begin to suspect some such Mischief; but this one Nights delay admits of no reasonable Fears. *Hector.*

Hett. Here, Sir.

Gripe. Now's the fit time to wait upon the young Gentlewoman.

Sir John. How, old Boy, is your Son to be married too?

Gripe. I'm resolv'd one Hour shall bring me a Son and Daughter-in-Law; the Business is already finished, Man, only for fashions sake he must ask the young Woman's Consent and Advice,

Sir John. Very good; I wish ye success young Man.

Gripe.

Gripe. Look ye, Sir John, I'd have you accompany the young Man, 'tis his first Visit, and he's bashful; but first throw off your Boots.

Sir John. My Boots, not I; but with all my Heart I'll accompany your Son. Come here, Man——, so——, look brisk and chearful——, zooks you hang your Head.

Gripe. You are a Graceless Rogue, Sirrah, I say look up.

Sir John. So, very well, you wou'd have me go with him you say?

Gripe. Yes, indeed, Sir John.

Sir John. S'heart then I will go: But look ye, old Boy, we must have one Bottle together first, a Glass may elevate the young Fellow's Spirits.

Gripe. With all my Heart, Sir John, I've a douzen, sent me by a Friend, as good as e'er came from France. *Timothy*, run, there's the Key, bring me one.

Sir John. Two of 'em, Sirrah, one is nothing. [Exit *Timothy*.]

Gripe. Lack-a-day, I shou'd not have told him.

Re-enter Timothy.

Will you never learn your Duty? Why so much on't now? Well, 'tis no matter, your good Health, Sir John.

Sir John. Off with it, old Boy——, come young Man a Health to your Mistress. [Drinks]

Gripe. *Hector, Hector*, remember you've put on a fine Coat to Day.

Hect. I'm not afraid, Sir, not I.

Sir John. Well said. Come, Sirrah, drink your young Master's Mistress.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, Sirrah, small Beer, methinks, wou'd do as well.

Sir John. Come, old Boy, long Life and Prosperity to thy Family.

Gripe. With all my Heart.

Sir John. The Wine's very good: Dust it about, it's—— how? done, run, Sirrah, quickly, t'other Bottle. [Exit.]

Hect. Ay, ay, sincerely, another Bottle will do well.

Gripe. Well, 'tis no matter; Ha! a Knight to my Son-in-Law, and my Boy married to a Knight's Sister, and a good Estate, adad, we will have the other Bottle——, *Timothy*, fill it up to the brim, Sirrah.

[Re-enter *Timothy*.]

Your best wish, Sir.

Sir John. And this to yours, old Boy. *Hector*, off with it; What, Sirrah, wou'd you play blunty.

Hect. No, Sir, let me alone for that.

[Sings and Dances.]

The Smiles of the Glass

Invite our Approach,

Then let us Drink and be Merry, Fal, a ra, tal, dal.

Sir

Sir John. Why the young Fellow has Brains I see, they want only to be faithfully rouz'd. *Sirrah*, give him t'other Glafs.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, he will be Drunk.

Hect. Drunk, no, Sir, *tal lara fa la.*

[Dances and Sings]

Sir John. 'Tis nobly done! Well danc'd upon my Honour. Come Boy, old Father-in-Law, you and I; *Fal a ratal dal.*

Gripe. Lack-a-day, my Spirits are reviv'd; the Follies of Youth will possess me; *Fal a ratal dal, derum dum.* [Hector Sings and the rest Dance]

Sir John. Boy, give us a sprightly, airy Tune.

Gripe. I profess well done on all hands. Ha! *Timothy.*

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, notably, Sir.

Sir John. Now to your Business, *Hector*; come along, and, *Sirrah*, attack her with Courage.

Hect. Let me alone for that, if I know not how to Address a Lady, then I'm a Blockhead; *Fal a ratal la.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Courtley and Lovewell.

Cour. We easily believ'd you had been o'er head and ears in a new Adventure; but that *Gripeall's* Daughter detain'd you is so strange I can give no Faith t'it.

Love. I wish 'twere Apocryphal, and I still at Liberty, or at least in a condition of suspecting the Truth of it.

Court. Is the brave Man then wholly lost, *George*; is the Bottle and a Wench come to nothing? Wou'd you rather chuse an Halter than wed *Fidelia*?

Love. Hum—

Court. You'll remember, I hope, 'tis all an Enchantment.

Love. Go on.

Court. But are you in Love, *George*?

Love. Why, kind Fortune wou'd have it so, that we might still be Friends—

Court. Why then you'll marry and become a Husband?

Love. I wish my Stars may have so decreed it: A Man had better be ty'd to a repenting Whore, than live a Rake at liberty; ah, my Friend, we have both been Mad.

Court. And the only way to prove that we're become Wife, is to be sensible that we once were fool'd. Ha! she enters; now, *George*, to your Business.

Enter Melissa.

Love. Madam, I have, indeed, been faulty, much to my Friend, but more—

more to you: To forgive shews a noble Nature, and sure the fair *Melissa's* Eyes speak her a stranger to every thing that's Cruel.

Meli. Revenge, indeed, is the Darling of a base Mind; nor do I remember what was but the Effect of Ignorance, or mistaken Friendship, not Design or Forethought.

Court. So much Goodness wou'd o'ercome a thousand Hearts like mine; were Beauty nothing, yet Gratitude, Madam, wou'd inspire Love; Can you then doubt the sincerity of my Passion?

Meli. 'Twixt Gratitude and Love the Way's so long, you may forget the Benefit e're you come to the Journies end.

Love. Ay, *Jack*, were I as happy! but Friendship shou'd give way when Love enters the Lists. [Exit.]

Court. The Reward before me spurs me to the Goal, and keeps the Heart from fainting: The hope of Gain new Vigour gives, Toil and a tedious Journey lye neglected.

Meli. The Prize, whilst by another fought, or when afar it stands, may seem a Conquest worthy of Labour, but then Ambition brought you to the Score, or a weak Judgment made the Reward show double?

Court. Opinion adds or takes away from the Value of every Thing; and if I believe my self, Madam, happy in the Purchase, doubtless I am so.

Meli. But a real and intrinsic Worth secures that belief; and when that is wanting, we may too soon become sensible of the Mistake: Every Accident brings Surprise, and a sudden Loss a weight of Care that sinks the Mind, because it wanted Foresight.

Court. But, Madam, if I weigh the Prize beforehand, then I'm secure?

Meli. No, Sir, when 'tis such as can't be known 'till once possess'd.

Court. If I may not then trust to my own Judgment, I must rely upon By-standers: All Men affirm *Melissa* Beautiful and Virtuous, I cannot then in Reason doubt it.

Meli. It does not therefore follow she is such; what deceives one Wise Man may easily couzen twenty Fools.

Court. Why then, Madam, we must all run at a venture; if the Prize be really what it shows he's happy who Wins; if 'tis not, he must yet tisfied with his Misfortune.

Meli. 'Tis better than not to run at all where we are in hazard every way; if we Lose we're griev'd, and if we Gain, the Reward will perhaps prove a Counterfeit.

Court. To sit still, Madam, when all the World's in Action, must be attributed to want of Courage, then loss of Honour follows.

Meli. I'm glad to find you look upon Marriage as Honourable; but without that, Honour is not always in Danger of being lost.

Court. Virtue, Madam, when lodg'd in such Hands as yours, indeed lies

lies safe. But mine is too weak to stand alone. In Charity then now I wou'd be honest, you ought to save me from a base Retreat; your Charms have made Vice ugly, but she may yet return in Pomp, and court my easie Heart to Love unless secur'd by you.

Enter Sir Nicholas Empty.

Sir Nich. My dear *Courtly*, I've the worst News in the World, the worst you ever heard; let me dye I'm afraid to tell it, lest it make you the most miserable amongst Men.

Court. No, Sir, out with it, if it does not concern the fair *Melissa*, I'm fix'd.

Sir Nich. Then my Friend, she must marry *Hector*, old *Gripeall's* Son. Let me dye he has a very taking Name, the Women worship him next to *Hercules*.

Court. If *Melissa* has so decreed it, *Sir Nicholas*, then I know the last Remedy, which ne'er fails to remove the weight of all our Misfortunes.

Sir Nich. You'd die, I suppose, *Mr. Courtly*, I love that Humour dearly, methinks 'tis very Heroically done to swing in a silken Garter for a Cruel Beauty, and then to see her Tears for such a Misfortune. But now, when I think on't, if she shou'd laugh, a Man is but scurvily us'd for so tender a proof of his Passion; well, Sir, I'm mightily sorry for you.

Meli. My Heart is yet at Liberty, and owns no Superiour but my Will; think not then, Sir, it can be storm'd by Interest when 'tis Proof against Love.

Sir Nich. Ah, Sir, I'm your most obedient, most humble Servant, you are very Welcome.

Enter Hector and Sir John Single.

Hect. Sir, I'm your most devoted, most obsequious, most humble Servant, I believe I'm welcome.

Sir Nich. O Sister, he will be a most roaring Wit. Let me die *Melissa*, he must be happy if you'd have me so; Ha! I beg your Pardon, Sir, I'm your most humble Servant, have you brought me any Letters from the Country?

Sir John. Letters, Sir, I'm not a Carrier.

Hect. Why, he's my Friend, Sir, a Knight, Sir, and to be married to my Sister, Sir.

Sir Nich. A Knight, Sir, O let me dye, I beg ten thousand Pardons! I was a Stranger to your Quality. I'm your most humble Servant, Sir, your very——, let me dye, your most——.

Sir John. Hey da! here's a new Fashion indeed; 'tis a toil to be well-bred it seems; my Heart joints ach already, with this Cringing and Grimaceing——.

Sir Nich. You appear witty, Gentlemen, I wish your Habits had been as fashionable as your Heads. Ah, Sir, that great Buff belt.

Sir John. Why, Sir? This keeps my Body warm and firm. When I top a Ditch it preserves my Gutts from shaking; look ye, Sir, I only study Conveniency in my Cloaths. This young Fellow here may pass for a Knight.

Hect. I, Sir, and for something more if you please: I'd have you know, Sir, I'm as good a Man as another.

Sir Nich. This Lady is your Mistress, Sir.

Hect. Is she? and I have not Saluted her—— By this Light I do not love that Fellow there; he looks suspiciously, and talks as earnestly as if he pleaded for a Fortune—— Look ye, *Sir John*, Brother-in-Law, will you kiss her first, or shall I do't? But now I think on't I do not know if 'tis the Fashion.

Sir John. Fashion; Was kissing ever out of Fashion?

Hect. Well then——, Madam, you see I'm come——

Meli. Of a Fool's Errand, Sir.

Hect. Adad, so 'tis; for Marriage is the Business.

Sir John. The young Rogue will be a Wit.

Meli. And this Gentleman, I presume, will be your Prompter; you have it may be a bad Memory?

Hect. Prompter; What's that?

Sir John. No matter what it is, I'm a Knight.

Meli. If you had not told me so, Sir, I had ne'er known it.

Sir John. You have plaguy ill Memories here in Town; a young Fellow just now took me for a Poet; then I hope I shou'd tell what I am?

Meli. And what are you, Sir?

[to Hector]

Sir John. Is this your Custom in this City? Must a Man stand up and give an Account of his Life and Conversation e'er he can enter himself a Lover?

Hect. Sir Brother-in-Law, *Sir Nicholas*, pray Answer for me here—— Well, he do's not hear me—— Look ye, Madam, I'm the Son of a Merchant. He was born a Cobler and bred a Gentleman, became a Cuaning young Fellow, and now's grown a Rich old Usurer.

Sir John. Well said.

Meli. That's your Father's Character, not your own?

Hect. Look ye, Madam, for that 'tis no Matter, you may come to know my Constitution in time.

Meli. Well, Sir, I confess you have satisfy'd my Curiosity.

Hect. And adad, 'tis no easie matter to satisfy a Woman's Curiosity.

Meli. O! you mistake it, Sir, your Air wou'd easily betray the height of your Breeding.

Hect. Then why were you at the Pains to ask to inform your self?

Meli. Only to keep up the Discourse, for shou'd it once have ended, you know not, it may be, how to begin again.

Hect. Say you so, Madam? I thank my Stars I'm not so blunt. I cou'd

could have ask'd what 'twas o'th' Clock, where sits the Wind, and more than that if I had been put to't.

Sir *Nich.* And is your Interest in the charming *Celinda*, dear Mr. *Courtly*, so very great?

Court. I think I may assert it without Vanity.

Sir *Nich.* And you'll manage that Business, with old *Griptall*, for me?

Court. When you please, Sir *Nicholas*.

Sir *John.* Well, this is not the Business young Man, I say come to the Point; you know the Question?

Heft. Well, uds so! The Question is, Madam, If I'll take you for a Wife, and you'll take me for a Husband?

Sir *John.* Zooks Boy, you are perfectly out.

Heft. Right, fegs, very right, the Question is, Madam——. What, Sir *John*, will you speak here? My Memory has quite fail'd already——.

Sir *John.* Look ye, Madam, the Question is, He being already resolv'd to take you for his Wife.

Heft. Uds-so! not so fast, Sir *John*, I have not said that yet.

Sir *Nich.* Well, Sir, if you please 'tis no Matter what you've said; let me dye, Sir, I must be so rude as to whisper in your Ear, you have no Business in this Place.

Heft. Humph——.

Sir *Nich.* You may walk down Stairs, Sir, when you please.

Heft. Down Stairs; Is the Man mad?

Sir *Nich.* O *Melissa*, do not speak to him, he's a sad Fool.

Enter Celinda.

Celi. Ah! Mr. *Courtly*, Have I found you? You're an ungrateful Man; Was it for this I abandon'd——

Court. Hold? Remember Fool where you are.

Celi. No, no, I'll remember nothing, Sir, you have us'd me——

Court. Cease your unseasonable bawling; Sir *Nicholas* is your Lover.

Sir *Nich.* O *Jupiter*! The Charming *Celinda* here.

Sir *John.* I do not like this House, where 'tis hard to distinguish a Whore from an honest Woman.

Meli. I beg it, Sir, as you're a Man of Honour, acquaint that Gentleman not to give himself the trouble of paying another Visit in this Place, unless he's resolv'd to find that Entertainment which such an Affront justly Merits. [Exit]

Sir *John.* Well, I will not refuse you, Madam, because you are a handsome Woman—— Look ye, Sir—— [Court and Sir John whisper]

Court. Then all's lost: *Melissa* never will be mine—— Your Servant, Sir.

Sir *John.* Why, there's nothing to be done here, the young Gentlewoman's gone.

Hett. Well, 'tis no matter, Sir Brother-in-Law, there's another as Good and as Handsome as she.

Sir John. You have no mind to a Wench.

Hett. What then? If she is, I'll speak to her.

Sir John. Thou'rt gracious Boy I find; but shou'd thy Father come to know it?

Hett. If he did, what then? I did not put on these fine Cloaths for nothing. I scorn to carry an usefess Shilling in my Pocket.

Sir John. Hark ye, Sirrah, will one Shilling purchase so fine a Woman? it seems they are very cheap here.

Hett. Nay, *London* is a very sweet Place, a Lord will pay ten or twelve Pieces for what you may buy next Hour for a Shilling or a Bottle.

Sir John. Mum, Sirrah.

[they step aside to talk]

Sir Nich. Now I'm in pretty good Order—— O, my dear *Courtly*, let me dye you are an happy Man; you have an Interest with the admirable *Celinda* I find.

Sir John. A Lampoon, of which it is unjustly said I am the Author, was the Cause of this unlook'd for Meeting; however, *Sir Nicholas*, I've satisfied her nice Vertue, made my Peace, and smooth'd the way for you.

Sir Nich. O Mr. *Courtly*, I shall expire with excess of Gratitude——, Madam! Madam! Let me dye I'm so happy.

Celi. I think my self oblig'd, Sir, to return my Thanks for that Assistance you gave me; it added, indeed, mightily to my Misfortune, that I knew not the Man to whom I was so much indebted.

Sir Nich. O, Madam, I had been the most insensible of Human kind, the basest of Men; let me dye, I had been wanting to my self if I had not: Let me fall without the Tears of the fair Sex, 'twas a blessing thrown upon me by my Stars, That I shou'd alone, amongst so many Mortals, be destin'd to the relief of so fair a Lady.

Hett. And d'ye call this your Friend?

Sir John. I drink it off after a long Course. [*Sir John gives him a Glass and he drinks*] whilst my Servants clean the Dogs Mouths from Hair and Blood, I never fail to wash mine.

Hett. A good Friend fegs, I love dearly to converse with such an one.

[Drinks]

Sir John. And this I call the Starter. When the Game first shows it self, I take one hearty draught of this, 'tis a good Cordial and gives long Wind.

[pulls out another]

Hett. Let me see—— 'tis main good. I love my Starter better than our Friend.

[Drinks]

Court. I have the Honour, Madam, to be the Confident of his Passion, and can affirm no Man e'er lov'd more violently.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

Sir

Sir Nich. Let me dye, Madam, as I'm a Gentleman he speaks so well, that I my self know not how to express it in better Terms.

Celi. You stand not in need of an Orator, Sir, to plead your Cause.

Sir Nich. Madam, upon my Honour, I confess a Man's Eyes shou'd express his Thoughts, but witty Ladies are not to be gain'd by Looks and Sighs.

Celi. That Lover must needs be happy who can do nothing that speaks not powerfully for him.

Sir Nich. Madam; let me dye, the fair *Celinda* is so witty a Judge I will despise nothing she is pleas'd to affirm.

Hect. Well, shall I speak to her, *Sir John* Brother-in-Law? or will you begin the Business.

Sir John. Not I, Man, I'm a stranger to the Custom.

Hect. Very good—— Look ye, Madam, are not you a——?

Celi. What, Sir?

Hect. Well-wisher to the Mathematicks, or so, Madam.

Celi. How, Sir?

Sir John. 'Tis an handsome Quean; What a pretty Eye's this? I'll have *Hector's* share of her if it cost me a Crown.

Hect. Look ye, d'ye see, Madam, without Ceremony I'm at your service, so is a certain Friend of mine, if you'll go to a certain Ale-house in a certain Place.

Court. How, Sir? Do you know that you speak to a Lady of Honour——.

Hect. Honour, Sir!

Sir Nich. A Lady, Sir; a Lady, Sir, of——; Let me die a Lady, Sir——.

Hect. Lady, Sir, or no Lady, Sir, I hope I'm free for my Money, Sir, so are you, Sir, or any Man, Sir; what then, Sir?

Court. Come, Sir, I'll show you the way to the Door [*pulls Hector by the Ear*] I beg your Pardon, *Sir Nich.*

Hect. O! Murder! I beg all your Pardons.

Sir John. This 'tis to go a whoring, Mischief and the Flesh come still together. Hold, Sir, I have a Blade here (if well handled) fit for Business; *Hector*, draw, you young Rogue draw.

Hect. Ay, ay, uds-so it will not come out, 'tis glew'd to the Scabbard; but if I had Mr. *Starter*——.

Sir John. Well, well, Boy, drink lustily and fight like a Lyon.

Sir Nich. Sir, let me dye, Gentlemen, what [*gives the Bottle*] d'ye mean?

Court. Hand the Lady down Stairs to her Coach, and leave the rest to me, Sir.

Sir Nich. Let me dye, Mr. *Courtly*, a Man of Honour—— but——

[*Exeunt*]

Sir

Sir John. How! Is your Friend gone? 'tis base to fight two against one.

Court. You seem, Sir, a Man of Honour, and one who wou'd not draw his Sword in so bad a Cause.

Sir John. How, Sir! not fight for my Friend? d'ye call that Honour?

Court. He deserves not that name who Affronts a Lady of Honour, Sir.

Sir John. Then she was not a Drab?

Court. No, Sir, unless a severe Vertue deserves that Name.

Sir John. Then Boy you have been Mad; S'heart, I say, beg the Gentleman's Pardon.

Heft. Pardon! not I; Will a Man of Honour suffer himself to be led by the Ears like an Ass? No, no, Sir, I'll fight him.

Sir John. Sirrah, put it up, unless you'd have two Enemies instead of one.

Heft. Then I'll fight you both; twenty or one are the same to me.

Sir John. What, Sirrah, fight me? [makes some Passes]

Court. No Quarrelling in this Place, Gentlemen.

Heft. Then let's to't in another.

Court. In the Tavern, Gentlemen, try't there over a Bottle, perhaps 'twill make you Friends again.

Heft. With all my Heart, for by this good Sword I must either fight or drink now I have got it in my Hand.

Sir John. He's a brisk sort of a young Fellow;
His Wit and Courage come on him by Fits.

Heft. 'Tis Wine, you see, that Heroes makes and Wits.

[Exeunt omnes]

The End of the Third A c t.

A c t

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Medler and Elizabeth.

M*edler.* You see the Plot holds good: I'm entrusted with your Person, and by this seeming hatred between us, we are both secure. Yet still your groundless Fears, raise such Difficulties, I never can be happy.

Eliza. You wou'd not be so by my Ruin: Shou'd a discreet Lover urge so severe a Proof of her he loves?

Med. Severe Proof; s'death, he's perusing his Papers, *Timothy* and he are shut up together; in the mean time I'm your Guard; every thing is hush'd up in Silence, and the rusty Watchman trembling in the Streets, shows Night so far advanc'd, that even the anxious Lover's chain'd in sleep. Why then are we awake to no Purpose; he has Business, let the Joys of boundless Love be ours.

Eliza. But still you forget the loss of Honour, to break a solemn Vow——.

Med. Heav'ns, is that Phantom, that airy Giant, yet between me and the mighty Blessing; will these Conscientious Qualms ne'er be reconciled to Love?

Eliza. And shou'd it be known.

Med. 'Twould prove a Sin; but if it should not, then you are Innocent and Virtuous.

Eliza. Then Virtue's but a Name.

Med. what else, she's Innocent who's reputed such, and Lewd whom every body believes to be so.

Eliza. May I then trust my Reputation in your hands?

Med. Let my Love be your security——. Ha! the noise of Fiddlers.

Eliza. And already at the Door.

Enter Sir John speaking, Hector and Fiddlers.

Sir John. I say play on; Love, Wine, Wit and Musick, shou'd be inseparable.

Hect. And Courage, Sir, add that, or I'll draw.

Enter

Enter Gripeall and Timothy.

Sir, good-morrow Father, you're got early out of your Bed you have---. Good-morrow, Madam, and *Tim.* honest *Tim.* how dost thou'rt an honest Fellow *Tim.*

Sir John. I say we are all good honest Fellows, plain hearted; sociable Rogues——. Hark ye, old Boy, how go all Affairs on t'other side of the Line, 'tis a long Journey thither by Land.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, they are horribly Drunk; the Sin of Drunkenness never fails to get Access with that Son of mine. *Elizabeth,* go you to Bed, I'll come as soon as possible.

Eliza. At Four; he will be then asleep; let the Watch be a Clock to both, the rest commit to my Care. [to Medler, Exit]

Sir John. Hector. Sirrah, tell the old Boy how we fought like so many *Polanders*; Fellows Arm'd with Head-pieces that were not Proof against a sound beating.

Hect. The Watchmen, Sir, that's his meaning Father.

Gripe. How! Lack-a-day, you did not abuse Men in Authority? I hope you did not beat the Constable?

Hect. Yes, we did, Father, I broke one Constables Head and bruised anothers so unmercifully, that his Accomplices run away and left him tumbling and grunting in the Channel.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, Sirrah, you're a graceless Rogue, beat a Constable, Sirrah, I'll do my King and Country Justice upon your Person, I profess I will, Sirrah.

Sir John. Hold! I'll stand by my good Brother.

Hect. No, no, *Sir John,* Brother-in-Law, let him come on, I'm in readiness, d'ye see, for him or any Man.

Gripe. Oh horrible! d'ye remember that I'm your Father.

Hect. And that I'm drunk, d'ye remember that.

Gripe. Lack-a-day, I have arm'd him to my own [beats him] Destruction. *Hector, Hector——*, *Sir John,* will you speak to him? the Man's in wrath.

Sir John. Look ye, Boy, Sirrah, What's your Business in this Place?

Enter Watch-man in haste.

Watch, Business, Sir——, a very scurvy Business, Sir,

Hect. Stay you Rogue——, must you pursue a Gentleman to his Lodgings?

Watch.

Watch. Look ye, d' see now? I told you 'twas a Scurvy Business. Sir, I'm Murder'd innocently, you see.

Sr. Job. 'Sheart, you're an Impudent Rogue. I'll mend the Matter with a Vengeance!

Watch. O L——d! Murder, I'm gone.

Gripe. Oh sad, I'm gone! My Reputation's ruin'd! Lack-a-day, Lack-a-day!

Watch. Ay, ay, I cry your Worship Mercy. I did not see your Worship before: Your Worship was a Justice of the Quorum. Your Worship's Son and this Gentleman, have made a sweet Hand of it to night. Sir, I'm Kill'd, you see here. They left me dead in the Streets, Sir, and I pursued them close at a distance, and saw them here before I enter'd your Worship's House; I hope your Worship will do me Justice? And not suffer a poor Man to be slain in the Exercise of his Calling.

Hec. Be silent Sirrah.

Watch. Look ye now Sir, I dare not open my Mouth; Is this the Way your Worship rules your Family?

Grip. Lack-a-day! *Hector*, thou'rt an ungracious Boy. Mischief and good Wine lodge often in one House: Beware of Blood-shed Sirrah. I say, beware of innocent Blood.

Hec. Ay, ay Sir, Let me alone for that.

Sr. Job. Where's the Musick, play-up the Rogues?

Hec. Louder yet: Come, let's drink and be merry. Fa-la-rin, fal-la!

Grip. Oh sad verily! Sincerely? Gad-a-mercy! Mr. Medler! *Timothy!* Will you Beat the Rogues out of my House? Verily *Sr. John*——I profess——Begone you Instruments of Mischief.

Sr. Job. Why Gripe-all, Friend, old Boy; Art thou in Earnest? Art thou indeed become a Cynick? Will you Bark at Mirth and Good Fellowship? Has thy Religion made thee unmannerly? 'Sheart, that's an Infallible Sign of a Hypocrite.

Grip. You've Debauch'd the Lad *Sr. John*, ruin'd my Reputation! I'm undone: Shou'd the World know the Disorder committed in my House!

Sr. Job. Look ye, *Hector*, the World you see is the Business; Then let's be Decently drunk, not madly so——Here Boys, there's Money; Begone, fly Scoundrels. [Exeunt.]

Watch. Your Honour shou'd remember me.

Hect. No, no, Sirrah, not a Farthing, there was no Musick in your Head: It did not so much as Clink beneath the Cane, a soft Scull'd Rogue.

Sr. Joh. 'Sheart, no matter, There's half a Crown Sirrah, we shall take Pennyworths of his Flesh to morrow Night.

Watch. Thank your Honour. Good-by.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Now Father, I'm a Good Boy! I Feck, I am.

Grip. Well, I'm glad Things are no worse. *Hector,* Wait upon *Sr. John* to his Bed; for this Night he can't go to his Lodgings.

Sr. Joh. 'Sheart, I ne're look'd out for any; Were you in the Country, you shou'd lodge at my House.

[*Sr. Joh. and Hect. going off.*]

Grip. Pray walk then Sir, if you please ——— You're horribly Abus'd.

Med. He's your Son Sir, and to that he owes his Safety.

Hect. *Sr. John,* Adheartlikins. You forget the Song and the Dance, I faith you do: The Bottle it seems, is an Enemy to your Memory.

Grip. Lack-a-day, at an Hour unseasonable! *Hector,* I say 'tis Four.

Sr. Joh. Well put in, I say the Song and the Dance. Call back the Musick; Wou'd you have a Man a Prisoner in your own House? I'm a True-Born *English* Man, Sir, and I'll have Liberty at any rate: A man in this place is as Narrowly watch'd, it seems, as a Cat at Christmas. Hang your Custom, I say.

Med. Well, this Humour must out, you see: Pray retire to Bed. I'll stay, and you may believe the Noise shall be as little as possible.

Grip. Well I must be satisfy'd then, and rely upon your Cane.

Song and Dance.

Hect. Tim. Canst thou find a Bottle? My Father is fast asleep, *Tim.* One Glas of his true Christian Wine would make me forget my Prayers to night.

Med. O Sir, by no means.

Hect. Does any body ask your Advice Sirrah?

Med. O Sir, I'm your most humble Servant.

Tim. Indeed Sir, the Key lies beneath his Head.

Hect. And canst thou not steal it, *Tim.*

Sr. Joh. 'Sheart, 'tis a good Boy I'll warrant him. Come, steal, Sirrah, I say.

Tim.

Tim. I'll bring it to your Chamber, Sir.

Sr. Job. March on then Boy.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. No, faith Sir, I'm naturally as fearful in the dark as a young Atheist.

Hed. Well then, we must fast for the sins of the Day!

Med. Timothy, wait upon the Knight, for I have a little Affair that calls me speedily away. 'Tis now almost five in the Morning.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Medler Solus in the Dark.

Med. Let me see, Whither am I going, and what's my Errand in this place? To the first of these I answer, I go to another Man's Wife, and to the next Adultery is my Business. Well, 'tis a sin they say. But 'tis as true 'tis a Fashionable one, and very Natural; for every Man covets what his Neighbour enjoys. Now the only Question is, if she Loves me; that is, if she is in Necessity at Home; For she that heartily hates her Husband, will infallibly doat upon some body. This granted, methinks I'm secure; If she Betray me, the worst of it is, I must shift for a new Lodging, and a more Hospitable Landlady. Let me see, the Bed shou'd be in this Corner — Ha? He snores aloud, I'm safe — Madam — 'Sdeath, I can't find the Bed.

Eliz. Here, tread softly — Remember my Honour's at stake?

Med. Oh! I'm already happy — Does he sleep?

Eliz. All's safe.

Med. Oh I'm transported! Well this Adultery is a sweet Sin.

Eliz. Give me your Hand Sir?

Med. My Heart, my All! — But if he shou'd awake?

Eliz. Awake? Why you come not here with a bad Design, Sir? If you did! Now know I will do Justice to my self, and show my Easy Husband that I have a Virtue, Proof against Temptation: Husband.

Med. 'Sdeath, I'm ruin'd! This it is to Trust to a Woman, and to serve the Devil; Shame's the Reward — For Heav'n's sake, Madam! —

Eliz. Husband! My Heart! Husband! Have you already forgot what I told you this Morning?

Grip. Elizabeth, sincerely what's the Matter? Is it past Four?

Med. By Heav'n! I'm now inevitably Ruin'd! Ah Madam! Can you not forgive a Repenting Wretch? Who only meant —

Eliz. The Rogue is now in the Net: My heart, you ever Trusted that Base Man; Haste then and find a Truth, which till now you wou'd not know.

Grip. Verily my Faith was narrow. I've had too little Charity. But sincerely he shall pay for all.

Eliz. Now all's safe!

[*He runs cross the Stage in his Night-gown and Slippers.*]

What's past was only for our future Security:

Med. Then I am free! I am Beloved! I shall yet be happy?

Eliz. Come, come, in the mean time run down Stairs into the back Parlour. When you enter, dissemble your Knowledge, and feign as if you believed me, not my Husband there. I acquainted him with our Assignment. Love will instruct you in the rest.

Med. I have it, I fly my Love.

[*Runs off.*]

Eliz. The Pleasures of Revenge are inexpressible! A jealous Husband punish'd, and the Enemy of my Honour beaten in that Instant when he expects the greatest Proof of Love rewarded, is an Happiness too great for one Night, and hardly to be born. *Timothy, Timothy!*

Tim. Coming, Madam, Coming.

[*Enter Timothy half Dress'd.*]

Eliz. Run Sirrah, your Master is Engaged in the Parlour, show the Courage of a Dutiful Servant: Fly to his Assistance, I'll call more help——

Tim. O sad! These House-Breakers are bloody Rogues.

Eliz. This goes as I wou'd have it. But still that Woman is of her Kind the most Miserable, who for Love of Wealth, or to find Security from Want, throws her self into the Arms of a wretched Old Man; Jealousy becomes the Darling of his second Childhood. Dotage supplies the Place of a generous Love, and the weakness of his Mind makes him the Weathercock of his own House; which every flattering Knave or Passion turns about at will. Honour and Virtue find no Reward, and Revenge makes Women often false, whose Inclinations at first were truly just. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Gripeall Solus in the dark.

Grip. This is a strange World, and we are all Strangers in't. A man knows not his Friend from his Enemy; and seldom can put a Difference between the Vicious and the truly Innocent. I have been unjust to my Wife, my own Flesh and Blood, and this cunning Limb of Satan, this dark Dissembler *Medler* would undo us both without Regard to Friendship, Gratitude, Laws Divine or Humane. I profess he shall be severely punish'd if he come. I'll buy up Debts against him, and he shall rot in Prison — Stay — Lack-a-day, he enters — O, I will change my Voice, and he shall fall into that Ditch he digg'd for another.

[*Enter Medler.*]

Med. Ha! I find he's here already. Now to my Cue — Ah my Life, are you there? I'm bless'd ever beyond my hopes.

Grip. Lack-a-day, how familiar the Rogue is — Hush — Tread gently, my Dear.

Med. Is the Old Cuckold secure? Is he fast asleep?

Grip. Lack-o-day, such Hellish Language — Yes, yes, fast asleep.

Med. Then I find base Woman, you would be a Whore indeed. Know I wore the Mask of Love but to betray thy secret Lewdness. I'm thy Husband's Friend, and for his sake grieve to find thee false.

Grip. Lack-a-day, what will this come to? They will both be honest.

Med. Has Shame and Guilt already oppress'd you? Silence indeed best pleads your Excuse: What does that Woman deserve, who wou'd abuse so good a Husband?

Grip. Is this the Reward of Love?

Med. No: but in behalf of my good Friend. I'll use you according to your Merit. I'll Cudgell the Spirit of Adultery out of the Flesh, then lead you to your Husband's Bed covered with Shame and Stripes. Let him banish what remains, and cure the Burning Fever in your Blood.

[*Beats him.*]

Grip. Oh! Lack-a-day! I'm your Friend.

Med.

Med. How! Is unlawful Love already beaten into Friendship? The Physick it seems is good; and you must have the other Dose.

[*Beats him.*]

Grip. Oh sad Man! I'm your Friend, I say. I'm *Mr. Gripeall*! Ah my ——— Bones!

Med. That will not do. D'ye think to escape me in the dark? Tho' you have chang'd your Voice, you have not shifted your Body too. Are you become his Flesh and Blood so soon! The Punishment tho' shall be yours alone.

[*Beats him.*]

Grip. Oh! Murder! I'm undone! Sincerely the Man has no Mercy: I'm *Mr. Gripeall*, I say.

[*Enter Timothy running with a Candle.*]

Tim. Take Courage Sir: Let's stand by't; Let's live and die together? So I have reach'd him one Pelt.

[*Beats Medler.*]

Med. Timothy, why Timothy, I'm *Mr. Medler*, *Mr. Gripeall's* good Friend.

Tim. *Medler*? Why *Medler*? I'm *Mr. Timothy*, *Mr. Gripeall's* faithful Servant.

Grip. Lack-a-day *Timothy*! Beware, the Man was mistaken.

Tim. How, Sir? Assault you in your own House in the dark Sir? In the Dead of the Night Sir? Beat you unmercifully, you cry out Murder, and all this end in a Mistake, Sir? ——— Come, come, we are not all mad.

[*Beats him.*]

Med. Murder! Murder!

Grip. I say Sirrah, 'twas a Mistake, the Man is wrong'd, and you are a Knave Sirrah.

Tim. That's nothing Sir: he has beaten you out of your Wits; Sir, your head's stunn'd, you know not a Friend from a Foe Sir, I'll maul him to purpose, I faith I will.

[*Beats him.*]

Med. By Heav'ns I find I must fight or be tamely Kill'd. Come Sirrah, this Cane has Mettle in't; you'll find it tough and lasting.

[*Beats him, he bleeds.*]

Tim. Ah Sir, I'm slain! I've got Death's Wounds in your Service.

Grip. Lack-a-day *Mr. Medler*! Forgive him; the Lad was mistaken.

Med. Sir, there was no mistake in the Case, he saw me Sir, and would provoke me Sir; you were in the dark Sir, but I stood in open Light. Maul Quotha? I have not done with him so; Sir, it shall not pass.

Tim.

Tim. Murder ! Murder ! — S'death what had I to do with him—
 Courage ! Plague on't. I shall ne're be so Fool-hardy again, if I
 escape with Life now.

[*Enter Sir John single and Hector.*]

Sr. Job. How now old Boy ? What in Arms Gentlemen ? S'hart
Sir, I'm glad your Son and I were a Bed. What say you to't ?

Hect. Ay Sir ?

Grip. Why look ye Sir, 'twas all a Mistake; a perfect Mistake.

Sr. Job. You have been all drunk my old Boy. S'heart your pri-
 vate Bottle, a Glass in the Corner has done the Business.

Grip. That's a Mistake too Sir. I profess this World is all mi-
 staken. But now *Hector*, undutiful *Hector*, you were drunk last night;
 that was no Mistake, *Hector*.

Hect. Nan Sir ?

Grip. You beat the Constable, *Hector*, and almost kill'd one of the
 Watchmen, *Hector*.

Hect. It may be so Sir.

Sr. Job. Well, 'tis no matter; you see he is not in a Killing Hu-
 mour now.

Grip. Sincerely that's true, he looks like a Statue — But look ye
Sirrah, when I think upon it, you excelled in Mischief expresly *Sir-*
rah; you lifted-up your Hands against me.

Hect. Ay Sir.

Grip. And in all things *Sirrah*, proved your self a Compleat Rogue.
 Come here, my Friend. Ask him Pardon *Sirrah*.

Hect. Nan Sir ?

Grip. Lack-a-day, Have ye lost the Sense of Hearing ?

Hect. It may be Sir.

Grip. Say you so *Sirrah* ? I hope you have not lost that of Feeling
 too.

Sr. Job. Nay old Boy, you shall not try the Experiment. If he
 has lost them, a Bottle will restore them again: And S'heart, I think
 it is a Cheap Purchase.

Med. I find the old Proverb holds good; The Devil is good to
 his own; and for that end he doubtless sent the old Knight to keep
 this lewd Youngster from Correction — Well, I shall ne'er see a
 thorow Mischief in this World; and if I had not sent *Celida* yester-
 day to Courtly, I had deserv'd nothing. S'death tho' I'm
 often bubbled, and now am made a Woman's Fool, which is worst of
 all, tho' 'tis every man's Fate.

Gripe,

Gripe. Well, *Sir John*, I'm am soon Pacify'd; a lasting Passion shou'd be an Abomination to a Good Christian. But look ye, *Sir*, what Entertainment found the young Man from the fair Lady last Night?

Sir John. He spoke to her, she answer'd, and both were sometimes silent; what will be the Event, is more than any man can foresee: 'Sheart, you know Women are often Strangers to their own Resolutions.

Gripe. Right; But did you make no Discoveries? Did you not observe her outward Behaviour, a smiling Eye, a ready Disposition to Gayety and Mirth: Sometimes a Sigh, a fleshly Look, a wishful Leer, and a Simpering so natural and inexpressible.

Sr. Job. Gadzooks, you have been a Pimp Man! I did not dream of any such Discoveries, not I.

Grip. Lack-a-day! Did she not cast a serious, grave, half Melancholy Look at Parting? And instead of a formal, dry, cold Courtesy, a slow Bow or bending inwards of the Chin? That speaks a secret Friendship, and a growing Union? Did she not sometimes negligently mention what was singular in her Shape? A black Eye, a little Foot, and the like? And did she not speak to?—

Sr. Joh. The Devil, Man: I told you I did not make any such Remarks: 'Sheart, the old Letcher talks so Feelingly! The Remains of a rotten Debauche are sufficient to build up a fresh young Sinner fit for the Stormy Sea of Iniquity. But bare-faced Crimes are Scandalous in the Eye of the World; and Age has taught him the Art of casting a Religious Cloak about him.

Grip. Lack-a-day *Sir*, you seem offended—*Mr. Medler*, Go instantly to *Sir Nicholas Empty's* Lodging; you may yet find him a Bed, the Man being a Beau. Tell him I am not satisfied in this Affair. I'll have no Delays; my Money must be paid me upon sight, that is, if his Sister is not this Morning Married to my Son; Pray now dispatch, and return instantly with his positive and express Answer.

Med. The event *Sir*, shall inform you of my Diligence. [Exit.]

Sir Joh. But look ye old Boy, Is your own Daughter as Obedient as you'd have *Sir Nicholas's* Sister?

Grip. She will answer for her self *Sir John*; the Disturbances in the Family have doubtless awaked her *Timothy*, Call her down stairs; and in the mean time, Go to *Mr. Long-Bill* the Apothecary for a Healing Plaister. A few Hours shall make you both free Denizons in the State of Matrimony. Set out together, and he who wins the Race,

Race, that is, makes me first a Grandfather, shall have a Thousand Pounds at my Decease.

[*Enter Fidelia.*]

Sir Joh. Good morrow Madam, we have been talking of the Hour of Execution; Have you said your Prayers?

Fid. Is there so much Danger in Marriage Sir?

Sir Joh. Look ye there now? I find Ladies and Seamen never Pray but in a Storm—— No Madam, there's no great Hazard in it; but we ordinarily say, when a Batchelour takes a Wife, he's gone out of our World.

Fid. And indeed Sir, I am not sufficiently prepar'd for the next World.

Sir Joh. That's nothing Madam; you and I shall go hand in hand as we usually say. I'll teach you how to live there.

Grip. Look ye *Fidelia*, the Gentleman has been in the Fashion. He has done his Business like a Lover. But now the Complimenting part of the Play being over, you are presently to be Man and Wife; Look upon him therefore as your Husband, and lay aside your Arguments and your Defences, and you know not whats; that serve to no purpose but to catch Fools.

Fid. Heav'ns! What have I done? Am I already Miserable? Has my Passive Obedience, and my too much Security fool'd me into a Misfortune? The greatest e're could befall me: and from which I can ne're be again freed? Had *Lovewell's* Heart been as sensible as mine—— But I am too fond; Love and Nature are both my Foes; And I, it may be, want those Charms she has bestow'd on him.

Grip. How! Silent! Lack-a-day! Then you will be another *He-
ctor*? You would be Dumb when you shou'd speak? And talk eternally when you should not be heard?

[*Enter Lovewell Drunk.*]

*He's great who both of Wine and Love partakes;
This Wit begets, and that an Heroe makes.*

*A Sober Dullness may be prais'd by Fools,
And want of Brains made one of Virtues Rules.
Let 'em preach on, the other Glass gives Health,
When the poor Beggar in his Cups finds Wealth;*

*It's Cold all Day he sits, and Shivering cries,
 Want's his Disease, if not reliv'd he dies.
 At night goes Drunk to Bed, there more than Monarch lies.*

Love and Wine? Egad I have a pretty good Share of both, I thank my Stars, yet not too much neither: I've got just as much of the one as serves to help the other. Love without Wine is as dull as Dancing without Musick. The Soul sickens at the sight of the Enchanting Fair, and the generous Grape restores it back to Health again: We then begin the Assault with a successful Courage, and back'd by a Lusty Bottle, we fight like Cupid's Heroes, and come off with Honour—How! My Knight, are you again exercising your Talent? You have a Charming Subject Sir.

Sir Joh. I have so, Sir, and you see I love to be doing somewhat.

Love. 'Sdeath! What d'ye call Somewhat? Is the Business of your Life a Trifle? Do'e comprehend it under that indifferent, careless, insignificant, dry Name of Somewhat? *Fidelia's* Heart is worth an Age of 'Servitude and constant Toil.

Sir Joh. Come Sir, if you please you may instruct a Fool in that Lesson. Sheart Sir, keep you the old Patriarch way of Loving; Let me alone in my own Fashion Sir.

Fid. Ah, now I am doubly lost! For even his Faults are Beauties; And vice when dress'd by him, methinks has Charms about her: Sure Love seems his Errand, and yet his silence keeps that Truth uncertain, which I confess I am afraid to know.

Grip. Look ye Sir; Let the Gentleman court my Daughter in his own way; you and I have other Business, you know Mr. Lovewell.

Love. Business is not my Design at present indeed Sir.

Grip. No Sir? What have you to do in my House then? You remember——

Love. I am your Friend and Debtor, and All that, Mr. Gripeall. But after all, L——d! How unmannerly you are? A Gentleman comes to see you at your House to give you a Bottle or so, and you meet him at the Door with the unwelcome Sound of Business, endeavouring by that means, it seems, to fright the poor Man back again.

Grip. This is indeed the Way of the World, Sir. Young Men borrow Money with fair Promises, and then the Term of Payment is as Dreadful as the Day of Judgment, and the honest Creditor——

Love. Is the honest Devil that drags him to Jayl, because he has not repayed his Talent with Interest.

Grip.

Grip. I profess Sir, it is well said : you have express'd my Meaning in few words.

Love. Well, it is no matter : you and I will be Friends : I am so well Natured this Morning, I cannot, if I would, be angry.

Grip. That is good indeed, Sir. But as I was saying about the Business.

Love. Hang business, I say. You old Fellows are the very Worms of the Earth. You grovel eternally in Dust, you have nothing within ye but Clay ; Take that away, you become perfectly empty, without Guts or Brains. You have no Soul ; We are Men, we look after a Nobler Diet, Wit, Love, Beauty, and a Bottle. Money, we leave that out of Charity for dull Fools, who without it would be meer Nothings.

Grip. Look ye Sir, that's a new Doctrine : And no Clergyman in *Europe*, I suppose, will allow it to be Orthodox. You'll find me no Canonic Scripture for that Sir. Money Sir ? Lack-a-day, Do'e talk so of Money ?

Sir Joh. You're Resolv'd then ? Wilt be a Bargain, dear Lady, I say ?

Love. You drive-on some *Smithfield* Bargain sure ? But if the Lady is Exposed to Sale, I'll offer as much as another Man ?

Sir Joh. Look ye Sir, perhaps you are a Wit, a sort of a Creature that's to be found in this Town, made up of Madman and Fool, with the Ingredient of a Scurvy Jest or two, and the Ornaments of the most Fashionable Sins : Affected Atheism and an empty Head are your inseparable Companions. Poverty and the Pox are ever at your Heels, and your Harbingers are Smutty Lampoons, Monstrous Apparels, Pimps, Runners, Whores, Bawds, Bubbles, Bullies, Rooks, Rakes, the Deel and all his wonderful Tribe of Attendants.

Love. Pray where had you that fine Character Sir ?

Sir Joh. From the Priest of my Parish, Sir. But as I was saying ; you are a Wit it may be ? If you are Sir, you may may go to another Market : You shall make no Purchase here. Wits have no Money, Sir.

Love. Ay, but Sir, I'll give a Heart that till now ne're bow'd to Love.

Sir Joh. And I'll give a plentiful Estate : Now, say Madam, who makes the Noblest Offer ?

Love. I confess Madam, in the Way of the World, *Sir John* wou'd be Preferr'd ; but if Love be admitted into the Ballance——

Sir Joh. Sheart Sir, not so many fair Words. Let the young Gentlewoman be Judge in her own Affair. Say then, Madam, which is the happy Man?

Fid. Why then, *Sir John* in Honour —

Sir Joh. Pox upon Honour, Madam. Your honourable Fools are the Men of the World now a-days. A Man of Sense cannot be Prefer'd, there is such a Shoal of those Noisy Coxcombs between him and the Bar; he never can be heard, though Merit plead his Cause.

Fid. Well then in Reason, *Sir John*; a faithful Lover and a small Estate should be preferred to him who pleads no other Merit than a larger Fortune.

Grip. That is pretty reasonably said.

Sir Joh. Do ye call that Reason? *Sheart*, I say it is a Womans Reason, and a young ones too; but let that pass — The Question is then, which of us deserve most? The young Gentleman without an Estate; or old *Sir John* Single, that has one and Love too?

Love. My past silence is indeed my greatest Proof of Love. To see the fair *Fidelia* was all that Heaven to which I durst Aspire. The old Man your Father, Madam, indeed, endeavoured to remove the seeming Cause of so many Visits: But by the help of my kind Stars, or my own Industry (I know not which) I have hitherto shifted off and delayed my little Business. That I am damnably in Love, is most certain; That I have been so since I first saw those fair Eyes, is doubtless; and that I had told it ere now (had I consulted a Confident Glass or two) is a Truth as unquestionable as any of the former. I have indeed got a Providential Bottle this Morning: To that I owe the Discovery of my Passion, I wish it prove not too late, Madam.

Sir Joh. Look ye there now, here's Wit with a Vengeance; The Man is Providentially Drunk, and that's enough. Come, Madam, I have said already, Pronounce Sentence then, and Doom this young Fellow to some heavy Pennance for his Boasted Crime of Drunkenness.

[Enter Medler.]

Med. Sir, I have done the Business.

Grip. I knew it would be easily Accomplish'd, Man.

Med. *Sir Nicholas* is wholly averse to the Match, he would give Ear to no Proposals, having already engag'd himself in behalf of one Mr. Courtly.

Grip.

Grip. Lack-a-day, I know the Man; my Project then is come to nothing: I Profess you have not threatned him severely.

Med. I did, Sir, but to no purpose; He, like other Fools, is wedded inseperably to his own Opinion. But his Sister is of another Humour, she's mad at the very Name of *Courtly*; I observ'd this, and push'd the Business so home, that at last she yielded your Son may be Happy; tho' indeed he owes it to Revenge, not Love.

Grip. 'Tis no matter; where the Effects are good, he's a Fool would consult the Quality of the Cause——De'e hear, Sirrah, what has been the Event of this Embassy? As I would not have you a Fop, so I'de be loth to have you quite out of Fashion; send your Wigg, therefore, to Mr. *Shaver* the Two-Penny Barber, and let it be made moderately White, de'e see? I'll have that Affair dispatch'd Instantly——.

Hec. Ay, Sir.

Grip. Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! He's as sparing of his Words and Sentences, as an old Judge Nodding on the Bench with a tedious dull Plea before him. Are you Tongue-bound, Sirrah?

Lov. By all that's Good in Love, so much Goodness makes me Conscious of my own Wants. The fair *Fidelia* has doubly Won my Heart! First to herself, and then to Virtue's Cause: Could I Express my Gratitude——

Sir Joh. 'Zooks, Sir, you have express'd enough, and perhaps too much, Sir; you shall express no more here, Sir. Sheart, these Sharpers would Rook a Man out of every thing.

Lov. I am not in a Quarrelsome Humour, *Sir John*.

Med. Bless me, Sir! Mr. *Lovewell* Courts your Daughter even before her Father and her Lover's Eyes.

Grip. Lack-a-day! He may seduce the unwary Baggage.——Look ye, Sir, you know——

Sir Joh. Sheart, Sir, you talk of knowing, when Gentlemen are Affronted in your House, by your own Connivance: Will any Body make open Address to your Daughter, without your own Consent?

Grip. By mine——Lack-a-day! You mistake the Matter, *Sir John*——Sir, I will not hear you talk after this manner; Pay me down the Money, Sir, instantly, and be gone from my House.

Lov. Why, Honest Old Father-in-Law, give me your Daughter, and then pay your self out of the Three Thousands left her by her Grandfather, *Sir Harry Rich*. So much in Answer to your first Command; and now to the second; Let me see——Egad, I will not go from this House.

Grip.

Grip. Lack-a-day! Where will all this end? Am not I Master of my own Family? I profess, I'll have the Law of you, if it Cost me 200 Pieces, *Sir*.

Sir Joh. Law? I'll have no Law, I'll go a shorter way to work, *Sir*; there is Law in this good Blade. *Hector*, Draw, *Sirrah*, and Fight for your Good Brother. [Draws.]

Hec. Fight? Adad not I, I'll sleep in a sound Skin. [Steals off.]

Low. You see, Madam, how far I am Provok'd. That Respect I owe to you, Commands my Sword. Remove that Tye, then——

Sir Joh. Look ye, *Sir*, I am not to be Fool'd and Sham'd off. Draw, or——

Grip. *Sir John*!—— Go out of my House, *Sir*, I profess, I'll call a Constable instantly.—— Your'e a Strumpet! Your'e none of mine, you young *Jezabel*.

Low. Shall I Fight, or go off, Madam?

Fid. You have now sufficiently Teiz'd the Knight.

Low. Well, *Sir John*, if you carry the young Lady—— [Is going.]

Sir Joh. If I? 'Sheart, I say, I will do't, *Sir*.

Low. Then expect to have your Throat Cut, *Sir*. Here's an Instrument, when in a good Hand, can make an early Widdow. [Exit.]

Sir Joh. 'Sheart, I knew by his Face he was a Rival; He's a Scoundrel, and may come to know, too late, what it is to dally with a Man of Courage.

Grip. The Law shall have its Course against him to Morrow. Mr. *Whoreson*, the Bailiff, shall wait upon your new Lover. Look ye, *Sir John*, put on the Buff Coat of Patience, and be Proof against the Bullets of Temptation; for the future you shall have no just Cause to suspect my Ingenuity and fair Dealing. You shall see the young Woman Confin'd to her Chamber instantly: the Key shall be kept by Mr. *Medler*. I Profess, I know not why you should not be severely Chastis'd; Have you no Respect to Duty, you—— But no more. In the mean time *Sir John*, you and I will go along with the Lad *Hector*. Let that Business once come to an End, and then yours Succeeds.

Sir Joh. With all my Heart: But first let your Daughter be Mew'd up, to keep her Teeth from wating on the next young Fellow that comes. 'Sheart, I love to see People kept in Subjection to their Betters. Come, come, Come along, fair Lady——

Fid.

Fid. That Woman's Blind who wou'd to Mankind trust,
They argue Love to prove their Violence just;
What ere they do, it bears a specious Name,
Theirs are the Faults, but we must bear the Blame.
I must be pleas'd, 'tis oft our Sexes Fate
To follow those, whom most of all they hate.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT 5th. SCENE I.

[*Enter Courtley and Lovewell.*]

Cour. And spoke to her you say?

Love. Yes faith, Jack, I carried the Point too.

Cour. Are you perfectly Awake, George, or in a Dream?

Love. Dream! Do you say? Are you blind Jack? Do'st not see I am
handsom Sort of a Fellow? The Lady, Man, was perfectly Charm'd;
Egad 'twas impossible for her or any Woman to hold out.

Cour. But you owe this imaginary Victory only to the Bottle, it
may be, if the Glafs were Removed, this mighty Joy would perhaps
Vanish——

Love. Your humble Servant, honest Friend. I find Jack, you
want a Companion in Misery; *Melissa* and you are at Odds, and I
am sorry for it: But Ifaith 'tis not Neighbourly, I say Jack, to wish
the same Misfortune to your honest Fellow *Lovewell*. If I am not re-
ally Happy, yet to believe otherwise were to be miserable indeed.

Cour. To think your self happy, whilst indeed you are not so,
removes all Care, and fore-thought, by which you should secure the
Blessing or prevent your Loss.

Love. Well Jack, the Sum of all this is. I talk like an happy
Lover, and thou, like a Philosopher, because thou art Unfortunate.
Let me enjoy my present Pleasure; and look ye my Friend, because
I hate Ingratitude for your good Advice, you shall have my good
Wishes when I am Sober.

Cour. And that thou mayst suddenly be so—'Tis a Powerful Reme-
dy against the Fumes of Wine. Come —— Away —— By Heav'n
you shall.

Love. Look ye, I confess I have had a Bottle this Morning, but I
hope you would not think me Drunk; 'tis only Joy Man, Pure Rap-
pture.

ture ! Extasy Jack, nothing else, upon my Honour : But to humour thee, because thou art an honest Fellow—— Ha ! 'Tis cold as Death. [*Lovewell* drinks.]

Cour. So I would have it.

Love. My Blood is Chill'd and frozen——Methinks I feel somewhat about my Heart, as if Nature strove to new Mould her self ! My Senses range themselves into a new Order, every thing seems restor'd to a new Vigour, and I am not the same I enter'd.

Court. I am glad to see thee plain *Lovewell* again. You wander'd in the Clouds just now.

Love. That I have been a Wanderer, I am ready to acknowledge, but where I have been, or what I have been doing, Devil take me if I know !

Court. Ha, ha, ha.

Love. What was the Subject of our last Discourse ?

Court. Have you already forgot, that you have seen the fair *Fidelia* ? And that you're an Happy——

Love. Hem.

Court. That you own'd it before her Father and *Sir John Single* ! Nay, to compleat your Happiness, that you Teiz'd the Old Knight by her own Consent.

Love. May I believe it for a certain Truth ? Am I indeed so very Happy ? Has *Fidelia* been indeed so very Kind ?

Court. So you Swore just now, *George*.

Love. Let me see, I do remember (tho' imperfectly) that I went from a private Cabal to *Gripeall's* House, that I saw the Charming *Fidelia*, that I spoke to her, and so forth. But what was the Event, Good or Bad, is yet, it seems, a Question——

Court. Is the Happy Lover, he that was so well assur'd of his Mistress's Favour, dwindled into a Doubtful, Anxious Pretender ?

Love. Stay—— You say I swore to't ?

Court. Most Heroically.——

Love. Then it is certainly true. I need no other Proof, for you know *Jack*, I scorn to be a Knight of the Post,

Court. Ha, ha, ha ! VVell, to rid thee of thy Pain. Know I am not a Stranger to thy good Fortune ; My Servant told me you were gone to *Gripealls* ; I posted him immediately thither, and at his Return (which was a little before you enter'd) I was inform'd of the whole Adventure.

Love. 'Sdeath Man, I know not what to say, perhaps I am in the Clouds still——But may I believe what you have Affirm'd ?

Court.

Cour. I am your Friend, and as such I'll show an Implicite Faith, I'll take it upon your bare Affection: *Fidelia* will be yours — I think she may be yours —

Love. Good. But how Man? I'm divided. I have been another Man to day: Now I'm my self again. Inform my Judgment. Let my Thoughts and Actions be coherent, and teach *Lovewell* Sober, to finish what *Lovewell* Drunk, so happily has begun.

Cour. Know then your Mistress's Father is gone to wait upon *Melissa*, who is now about to throw her self away upon the worst of Fools: *Sir John* and *Hector* are likewise absent; and *Fidelia* is a Prisoner. *Medler* is appointed Jaylor; you may guess at the rest.

Love. I have no time, *Jack*, to Mourn thy Misfortune; I am in so much Hazard my self. But should the Villain prove Obstinate Faithful.

Cour. *Fidelia* is a Virtue unknown to Villains, nay even to Vice it self, they are not Constant, and Court Damnation in a Thousand Forms: Can Villany be Proof against the Charm of Money? When Virtue so often prostitutes her Darling Daughter?

Love. Right! Every Sentence shall be back'd with Gold; and when I see his Soul upon the Wing, I'll throw the Lure before him.

[*Takes out a Bagg.*]

This! This! My Friend, will make her Jaylor stoop, and then the Panting Bird will fly away.

Court. In the mean time, I'll to *Melissa's* Lodging; I'm bound in Honour to prevent her Brother's Marriage with *Celinda*! — I'll see that Cruel Fair for ever lost, for while there's room for Hope, I can't stay away; that done, I'll seek a Noble Death in Foreign War; my only Comfort is, That you, my Friend, will be Happy.

Love. What? You'll go Fight for the *Dutch*? Death, Man! Has a Melancholly Madness seiz'd you? Will you turn Knight Errand? Sit beneath a lonesome Shade, like a Romantick Lover? There Dream *Melissa* in a Rival's Arms, Doat on the distant Noise of Purling Streams, the Ruffling of the Winds among the yielding Boughs, and then, *Jack*, when Hunger calls aloud, get up and Fight the next By comer, or fellow Madman, that under the specious Name of Love and Courage, you may Rob his Portmantua to Satisfy an Empty Stomack? Well, Adieu, my Friend.

SCENE II.

[Enter Sir Nicholas and Melissa.]

Melis. 'Tis all in vain, Sir *Nicholas*, Mr. *Courtly* is, at best, but a very lew'd Person; a base Man, that —

Sir Nich. Hold, *Melissa*; Let me Die, Mr. *Courtly*, Zauns, he's a Gentleman of so much Honour and Merit. Upon my Soul, I could —

Melis. Come, Sir, you must not Swear in his behalf, I have already told you my Resolution, I'll never marry him; nay, I'll choose to die a Maid first.

Sir Nich. Die a Maid? Oh Horrible!

Melis. I'd rather live to Old Age, be the Table-talk of every Company; Have just as much Wit as serves to keep my Tongue going, and make me troublesome to my Acquaintance; Rail at Mankind, and yet be thought a secret Lover of the whole Sex, and of Fools in particular; Paint, to conceal the Furrows made by time; nay, which is worse, when I would talk and be Gay, be oblig'd to an eternal Silence and a dull Face, to hide a Sett of Mouldy, Rotten Teeth.

Sir Nich. Let me Die, *Melissa*, you talk so strangely!

Melis. In short, Sir, I am fix'd, nothing can alter me. Would you plead that man's Cause, whose Alliance would Affront your House, and bring my Virtue in Question?

Sir Nich. And will you Marry that Over-grown, Lumpish Young Fellow; The very Reverse of a Wit. The Antipode of Sense. Let me Die, his Wigg smell'd Yesterday like a Tallow-Chandler.

Melis. I confess, I do not Love him. — But to be Reveng'd of *Courtly*, I could Marry any Man, and that Lumpish young Fellow sooner than any other, because he believ'd him a Rival, from whose Address he had nothing to fear.

Sir Nich. Then I must lose *Celinda*? I must must be Unhappy, must I, upon my Soul, be Miserable? Have you no Regard to a Brother's Life?

Melis. None, Sir.

Sir Nich. And must I lose *Celinda*? Will you throw my Life away? Will you procure to your self the Hatred of all the Witty Ladies in Town? Must I die, then?

Melis.

Melis. If you please, Sir.

Sir Nich. Can you be so Cruel? Let me Die, 'tis not Possible. Could you hear my Mournful Elegy Sung by the Weeping Ladies, and my Lamentable *Exit*, Egad, Hawk'd through the Streets for an Half-penny; and, in a Week or two, have it Pinn'd upon the Walls of every the Coffee-House, and Baudy Alehouse, like an Almanack, to be read by Whoring Grooms, and Drunken Porters? What would the World say!

Melis. There's one Fool Dead. That's all.

Sir Nich. Is that all, indeed? I shall have a good mind to live then. But you will Marry Mr. *Courtly*?

Melis. No, Sir.

Sir Nich. Then, Egad, I will die. Ah *Celinda*! That Dear, Charming Name keeps back my Parting Soul, my Dying Accents shall Proclaim my Love, and no Hero e're gave up his Life upon the Stage with so little Regard to another World. Oh *Celinda*! — Well, Zauns, I will Die.

Melis. Some body knocks at the Door; if you're found in this Posture, your Reputation is lost for ever.

[*Knocking within.*]

Sir Nich. Well, now I think on't, Wits are no Heroes.

[*Puts up his Sword.*]

[*Enter Sir John Single, Gripeall, and Hector.*]

Grip. Look ye, Madam, I am inform'd, by my Friend who waited upon you this Morning, of your Gracious Inclinations towards my Son here, a very deserving Youth, and who, by your Prudent Counsel, may come to Equal, if not Exceed his Father's Merits: I have therefore brought along with me this Honourable Gentleman, who is to be my Son-in-Law, a Knight, Madam, that he may be a Witness and Partaker of our mutual Joys, and see that Match concluded, upon Terms not unknown to your Ladyship, and your Ladyships Honourable Brother — *Hector*, speak for your self, with as much Retorick as I have done.

Hec. Ay, Father.

Melis. I am no Stranger to the Young Gentleman's Merits, and that I am resolv'd to take him for my Husband, is sufficient to Evidence that Opinion I have of him.

Grip. Lack-a-day, Madam, I am your very humble Servant — Will you speak, Sirrah, as I do?

I 2

Hec.

Heñ. Ay, Lack-a-day, Madam, I am your very humble Servant. Will you speak, Sirrah, as I do?

Grip. O sad! Verily, he'll spoil all! I profess, he's a perfect Block-head—Look ye, Madam, Modesty, and Excess of Joy Confounds the Lad; He is Bashful——Speak, I say, *Hector*, to the Purpose.

Heñ. Look ye, Madam, Modesty, and Excess of Joy——Right, or not, Father?

Grip. Very well said! Go on, Boy.

Heñ. Confound the Lad, Madam.

Grip. Oh, Abominable!

Heñ. Uds so, then speak your self. You think no body has Wit, unless it come from your Head, and but a very little on't then, it seems.

Grip. Truly, Madam, the Young Man is Transported; Sincerely, Madam, 'tis mere Transport.

Sir Job. 'Sheart, Madam, nothing else; I can witness it, upon occasion; He can Drink and Fight like any Janizary of 'em all.

Grip. Oh, Monstrous!——He means, Madam, in very Good Company, and in an Honourable Cause.

Sir Job. 'Sheart, Sir, I mean in any Cause, Good or Bad, the Boy will Fight it——

Grip. Rather than be put upon, Madam; He'll suffer no Indignity from any Man. So *Sir John* would Word it, Madam. [*Winks, and makes Signs to Sir John.*]

Sir Joh. 'Sheart, 'tis so, in Good Company, and in an Honourable Cause, and so forth, Madam.

Heñ. And put upon, and so forth, Madam.

Grip. Look ye, there, the Young Man shews some Confidence already, tho' he is not yet arriv'd to Sense.

Sir Nich. What a Shoal, let me Die! What a Nest of Fools there is? The Air is infected with 'em, Egad; 'tis so sickly and unwholesome, I shall certainly faint, if I stay in this Room.——

[*Enter Courtly.*]

Ha! My Dear *Courtly*! Look, my Friend, what a Batch of Fools *Melissa* has got about her, there's no Place here for Men of Sense!

Court. The Lady, Sir, will be in the Fashion——Heavens! Is her Soul so low, that to advance her own Character (like some Homely Lady who thins to sit in the same Box with a Beauty) she must thrust

thrust in among the Common Herd of Fools, that she may appear with more Advantage?

Sir Joh. 'Sheart, there's a Rival in every Place! This Fellow's Face speaks him a Lover.

Grip. 'Tis no matter, the Lady, you see, stands for us.

Court. And to no purpose, you say?

Sir Nich. Let me Die, Sir, I us'd all the Arguments Wit and Friendship could Inspire; Egad, I was ready to lose my Dear for very Grief, Mr. *Courtly*.

Court. Well, I'll see her Married, however; nay, I'll wish her Happy in her Choice too — Madam, I come not to Plead my Excuse and Innocence. I know I'm already Doom'd to a severe Punishment, tho' unheard — But to hate the poor Offender, is Cruelty not Justice.

Melis. Then Sir, I shall wholly forget you.

Cour. That's yet worse, Madam; the Memory of past Service ought not to be wholly forgot: because I have been once Faulty, or rather thought so.

Melis. He that's found Guilty of so much Baseness, should not be again trusted; nay, his former Services are much to be suspected.

Cour. May not Repentance atone for that one Fault?

Melis. To cover one Weakness with another, is no Proof of an Amendment.

Cour. To be ashamed of what was ill-done, is a Virtue, not a Weakness of the Mind.

Melis. To be capable of so many Changes from good to bad, then back again to good, is no Assurance of his Constancy. Is he not capable of returning to the Bad at last?

Cour. When Vice stands at a distance, and with a Shew of Honour or of Noble Pleasures, Courts us to embrace; We can't well resist. Because she assaults us under Virtues Colours. When we have enjoy'd her, we become indeed sensible of our Error, despise the Cheat, and then return to our old Mistress, fortify'd by Losses, against Temptation: What was before Implicite Constancy, becomes a well-grounded Loyalty, and incapable of being Seduc'd, unless we Banish Reason from our Breasts — In short, Madam, no man can be so truly Virtuous as he, who has been thoroughly acquainted with Vice, and the Road to Perseverance, is in my Opinion, by the way of Inconstancy.

Melis. Then every man may be witty, by being first an errant Fool?

Court..

Cour. A broken Bone, if well Cur'd, becomes the strongest. Tempestuous Seas endure the firmer Strand. And a dangerous Voyage frightens the fearful Merchant from a Second.

Sir Nich. Let me die, *Melissa*, you are Cruel even to a Fault. Read *Grand Cyrus*, *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*, *Pharamond*, and all those fine Pieces of Wit and Gallantry. Egad, not a Lady of 'em all holds out so long.

Melis. Well, of all Creatures in the World, a Lover's the most Nauseous: I'll swear I could be heartily Angry; but now I think on it, I'll laugh at you both. Ha, ha, ha!

Hett. Ha, ha, ha! A fine Jest now, if I knew what it were.

Sir Job. A blockhead. Sheart, you see he might be a Courtier. The young Rogue can turn himself into any Shape, and Fawn like a Spaniel: Nay he can laugh too at a Jest he does not hear, that those who stand at a greater Distance may believe him one of the Party, and vers'd in the Intrigue.

Grip. The Lad may become a Justice of the Peace, *Sir Jobn.*

Hett. Ay Father?

Grip. Lack-a-day, he's grown Brisk upon the Matter too.

Hett. Ay Father!

Grip. Well Madam, you're Resolv'd to take the young Man for better and for worse?

Melis. By all means Sir.

Grip. I profess the Woman is Cheerfully bent upon him.

Hett. Adad that's Good! Father, say on.

Grip. Ay Boy. I may then call the Lawyers, Madam? Let the Papers be first dispatch'd, and then proceed to the Ceremony of the Church?

Melis. When you please Sir; Ha, ha, ha — Well, Revenge is a Passion so sweet, I must laugh at the Poor Man.

Cour. You're always Resolv'd to be in a Laughing Humour it seems.

Meliss. Why Sir?

Cour. Because you'll keep a Fool eternally about you?

Melis. To please my own Humour, not yours Sir.

Cour. 'Tis a dangerous Humour that is not to be satisfied, but with the Loss of your Reputation.

Sir Nich. Let me die, *Mr. Courtly*, upon my Honour, I speak my Sentiments, that such a Mean Rascally Coxcomb shou'd disgrace the Antient Family of the Emptys, is perfectly Intolerable.

Hett. A Rascally fellow Sir?

Sir Nich. Ay. Let me die a Rascally Fool Sir.

Hett.

Heñ. Disgrace the antient Family of the Empties?

Sir Nich. Egad disgrace 'em Sir.

Sir Job. So Sirrah, speak home to him—Look Manfully. 'Sheart, I'll bear you out.

Heñ. Is perfectly intolerable. Do'e say so Sir?

Sir Nich. Let me die Sir, I say so. Such a mean Rascally Fellow as you are, will disgrace my Family.

Heñ. That may be Sir, who knows?

Sr. Job. 'Sheart, you are a Coward Sirrah, I say Sir, he adds Honour to your House, because he's Ally'd to me.

Sr. Nich. Well Sir. Let me die! It may be so.

Sir Job. 'Sheart, 'tis perhaps seasonably Confess'd Sir.

Heñ. Ay Sir, seasonably Confess'd, and so forth Sir.

Cour. What Sir?

Heñ. Nothing Sir. Adad, nothing in the Earth.

Sir Job. Look ye Sir, the young Man means no Harm. 'Sheart, Sir, no Harm.

Cour. Heav'ns! Will you give-up your Person, your Reputation, and Plentiful Estate (your Heart, I'm sure, you can't bestow) into the hands of those who are not capable of Defending themselves, or of Resenting Injuries, tho' ne're so plain—'Sdeath, a very Sett of Cowards.

Meliss. You grieve my Misfortune perhaps, Sir?

Cour. Yes, tho' you are Insensible of mine.

Meliss. Then I am yet happier than I was. For now you feel a double Pain. But now I think on't, I would not be too Cruel. I'd have you Mourn your own Misfortune, not mine.

Cour. By Heav'ns! I will endeavour to do so for the future, rather than be an eternal Slave. I'd stab that Heart that owns so ill a Mistress. 'Sdeath, methinks that should work my Cure to see a Fool preferr'd.

Meliss. O Sir, you are serious, I'm otherwise dispos'd at present—

Just so the Panting Shepherd Lay.

[Sings.]

Heñ. Fal—ara Tal—Dal.

Meliss. Ha, ha, ha! You see Sir, how exactly his Humour is fitted to mine?

Sir Job. Well done, Sirrah. 'Sheart, well done.

Heñ. Fal—ara tal dal.

Cour. I would Laugh at my own Weakness and at her! but then so many Charms attack my Heart, and melt me into Love: my Anger must be gone. 'Sdeath, I am a Fool, a downright Slave. I'm Chain'd!

Chain'd ! See ! she's a perfect Libertine, and Laughs at my Bondage !

Sir Nich. Let me die, *Mr. Courtly*, I am sorry for your Misfortune. Egad, tho' I hope you are still my Friend. This day you promis'd I should be happy in the Possession of the Admirable *Celinda*.

Melis. How, *Sir Nicholas*, de'e know that base Woman ?

Sir Nich. Oh Blasphemy ! Let me die, *Melissa* ——— *Mr. Courtly*, Did you ever hear the like ? A base Woman ! Egad, she's ———

Melis. Hold, *Sir*, let the Gentleman give you her Character.

Sir Nich. Well, do so, *Mr. Courtly*.

Court. She's a Commoner.

Sio Joh. 'Sheart, a short and substantial Account of the Lady.

Sir Nich. Ah, *Sir*, let me Die, I'm ready to faint : The fair *Celinda* a Commoner ! Egad, *Mr. Courtly*, you have lost your Wits. Let me die, I'm sick.

Hett. De'e see, *Sir John*, Brother-in-Law, the Gentleman is in Danger. Where's *Mr. Starter* ? Adad a little Brandy would do very well.

Sir Joh. 'Sheart, my Friend and *Mr. Starter* (like the Gentleman there) have lost their Wits. You drink it all, *Sirrah*.

Hett. Adad, that's very hard.

Sir Nich. Well then, *Melissa* ; Let me die, you are in the right ; *Mr. Courtly*, Egad, does not deserve a better Fortune than he now Enjoys.

Court. Are these Virtue's Rewards ? The stubborn Knave, that's just to enjoy the happier Fortune. To Repent of Follies past, and be sincerely Honest, is the only way to procure Contempt. Had I Dissembled, I had not lost the Brother too. My Heaven ! My Honesty has not gain'd me one Friend in such a Numerous Company.

[Enter Old Gripeall, and Lawyers.]

Grip. Look ye, de'e see, Madam ? Here are the Papers ready ; Your Brother, the Honourable *Sir Nicholas Empty* ———

Sir Nich. Let me die, he speaks like a Wit.

Grip. Owes me Three Thousand Pounds : Your Portion Amounts to Six, now his Estate must answer for both.

Sir Nich. Fough, I'm sick, he talks so damnably, as if a Man could not arrive to Wealth and Happiness but by the way of Business. Let me die, he has no Regard to Wit. Well, I'm certainly Distracted, I know not what to think.

1st. Lawyer.

1 *Lawyer*. Will you Madam, for your own Security and Satisfaction peruse these Papers? — You have no Council here?

2 *Law*. If you please Madam, take notice of this one first.

Hed. Are these Verses which the Poets call *Episcapiums*, ordinarily presented to new married Folks?

Grip. Lack-a-day! Money is the Business. He's a Blockhead, Sir *John*.

1 *Law*. These Gentlemen are to be Witnesses.

Sir Job. 'Sheart, I am one Sir.

2 *Law*. And you another, Sir?

Court. Yes, Sir — Must I then, Madam, be assisting to my own Funeral?

Melis. No, Sir! I'm a Friend to Virtue, I forget your Faults, and now remember your Love and Constancy — You seem surpriz'd, Sir. If *Melissa* can make you Happy, then you will be so, Sir — You seem yet doubtful. Sir, these I Sacrifice to Love and you; nay, I trust so much to the Generous *Courtly*, I yield I'm his, without Conditions.

Court. O Heavens! I'm lost in Extasie! Why was you Shy? Oh, Why have you been Cruel! To encrease a Joy, that of it self was insupportable? By all that's Good and Just in Love, I swear my Heart for ever yours — Oh, methinks, I could here Seal that narrow Vow! Nay, I could Vow for ever!

1. *Law*. 'Sdeath! Why are we thus Fool'd?

2. *Law*. Are these your deep Projects, Sir?

Grip. Projects! Lack-a-day, Sir, I'm Ruin'd, I have lost a good Estate! My Son is a Fool, a downright Blockhead, he has perverted the young Woman's Mind in my Absence.

Sir Job. 'Sheart, I say you're a Fool! You are all Fools! He's a swinging Handsom young Fellow; your Son is a Dull, Lazy Hangman; you might have guess'd who would be Prefer'd at last then. The Lady was not blind.

Grip. Well, Sincerely, *Sir Nicholas* shall smart for this. My Money shall be instantly paid, Sir.

Court. When you please, Sir; I shall make use of his Credit another time.

Sir Nich. Let me die, *Melissa*, you are Witty. But is *Celinda* indeed a Commoner?

Court. Yes, Sir.

Sir Nich. Well, then the Truth on't is, I must endeavour to forget her. Jgad, now I think on't, Marriage is a Mortal Enemy to Wit.

K

Melis-

Melis. You may walk Home, Sir, if you please, you come of a Fool's Errand.

Hect. Ay, Madam.

Grip. Lack-a-day, *Sir John*, the Lad *Hector* looks very bluntly. Take Courage, Boy, you shall have a Wife, in spite of Fate.

Hect. Ay?

Grip. You shall go down into the Country with my Son-in-Law, *Sir John*, and Catch some Country Heirefs.

Hect. Adad, that's good, Father, I shall have Boots then, and a Friend, and a Starter, and every Thing.

Grip. Lack-a-day, *Sir John*, you're a Countryman, d'ye understand this Gibbrish?

I Law. Well, Sir, if you please, remember we have yet another Business.

Grip. Lack-a-day, that's true. Bow to the Lady, however, before you go off, that shews some Breeding.

Hect. Bow? Adad, I'll see her Hang'd first in her own Garters; I'll snap up an Heirefs, I fegs I will, Father.

Grip. Ha! *Fidelia* here!

[*Enter Lovewell and Fidelia.*]

Lov. Your Advice, my Friend, has been attended with Success; Love, Money, and the Church has done the Business: I'm now an Husband. Ha! Why, *Jack*, you're Happy too!

Grip. How! Zoons, I'll have you Hang'd for't, Sirrah.

Hect. You Swear bloodily, I faith you do, Father.

Grip. Lack-a-day, my old Custom does sometimes prevail; I hope no body took notice of it, *Hector*.

[*Enter Timothy, Running.*]

Tim. Ah, Sir! As I hope to live — Well, Sir — Gone, quite gone.

Grip. Speak, Sirrah.

Tim. Why, I say, your Daughter is gone; Mr. *Medler* Sold her, Sir, she's gone.

Grip. You're a Rogue, Sirrah — You Huffle — You Impudent — I'll have you Divorc'd — I will to the Law, Sirrah.

Sir John

Sir Joh. To the Gallows, won't you? You are all Knaves. I came a Fool from the Country, and I shall go home Experimentally wise. 'Sheart, an Honest Man has no Business in this Town.

[*Is going.*

I Law. O Sir, by no means. Follow my Advice, and stay but one Minute.

Sir Joh. 'Sheart, Sir, he who is rul'd by a Lawyer, will die a Beggar. But to humour my self, not you, Sir, I'll stay, look ye.

Lov. Sir, I have indeed Married your Daughter without your Advice; We both Lov'd, and the Crime, methinks, is very Pardonable. If you can forgive, then—

Grip. No, Sir! I Profess, not—

Fid. I am yet your Daughter, Sir, remember that, and then you must forgive.

Sir Joh. Prithee, Man, forgive 'em; 'tis impossible now to divide their Hearts. 'Sheart, I see a Woman is not to be forc'd, she'll have her own way, tho' it should cost her, her Life.

Grip. Well, then I do forgive 'em. Lack-a-day, she's my own Daughter, that's true. Ha!

[*Enter Medler, Running.*]

Med. O Lord, Since your Absence Mr. Lovewell broke open the Door, and by Force— 'Sdeath, he's got here before me, this Lye will not bring me off—

Grip. You're a Rogue Sirrah! I'm not bound to forgive you too.

Sir Joh. 'Sheart, I owe him a Beating too, and I won't be in Arrear whilst this Cane lasts.

[*Beats him.*]

Grip. So! I profess 'tis well done; the Rogue endeavour'd to seduce my Wife, and made me often Jealous of an Innocent Woman.

Med. Murder! Oh, Sir!

[*Runs off.*]

Heft. Adad, 'tis well done.

Sir Joh. 'Sheart, every Villain should be thus us'd.

Sir Nich. Let me die, Gentlemen, we must all be satisfied with Fortune: If you please then, my Friends, walk into the next Room, I have for Dinner some little Curiosities, prepar'd by an Ingenious Frenchman; and Egad, such Wine— Well 'twill Relish, Gentlemen.

Heft. Ay, Ay, Adad, let's see the Wine. Let's see that first.

Court.

Court. Nay, let us all be merry, one Dance before we go to Dinner will do well, and Elevate our Hearts.

Sir Nich. Let me die! With all my Heart.

A Dance here.

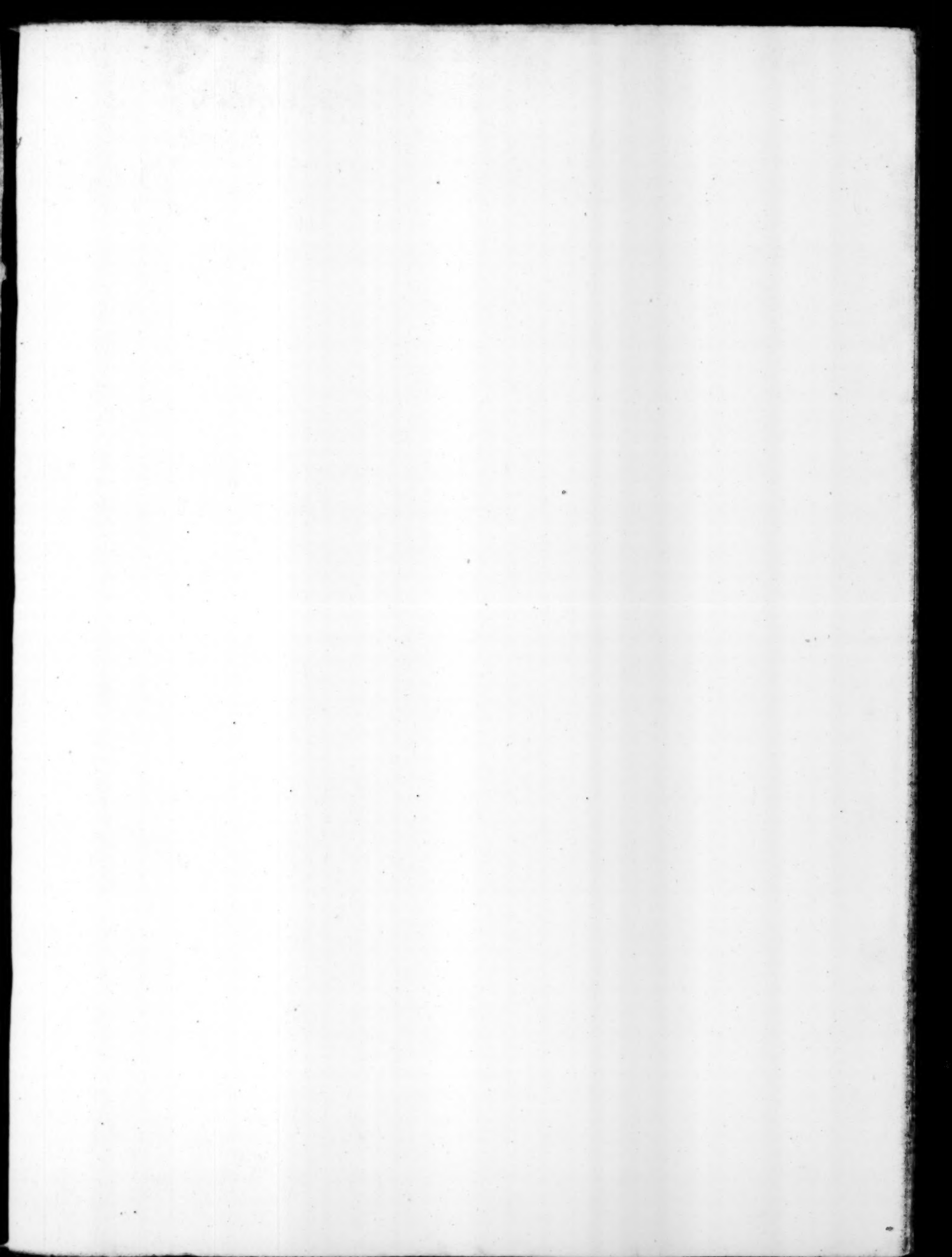
Hed. Adad, I'm wearied! I say, Gentlemen, let us have the Bottle.

Grip. You'll pay me that Money, you say, Sir?

Court. When you please, Sir. Thus 'tis every Man has his Humour and Master-Passion, to which he owns himself a Slave.

*This Man Courts Wealth, the other Wine Pursues,
A Third's in Love, a Fourth the Wars won'd Chuse;
What e're our several Inclinations are,
Profits and Pleasures all are Center'd there;
By different ways we study to attain
The distant Prize, and reach the Journy's end.
All Men with equal Strength the Race begin,
O're Toyls and Cares all Drive, all hope to Win,
But he who constant Virtue guides, comes off soonest in.*

F I N I S.



Ch. 800/80.

THE
LITTLE FAMILY.